

Clamouring for "John Bull" Pens. See Page 10.

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ARMY CLUB
CIGARETTES.
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JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 627.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918.

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Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

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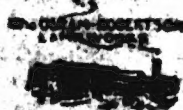
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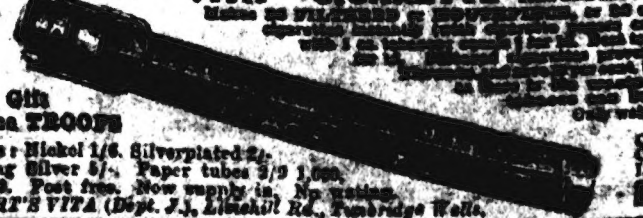


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JOHN BULL

Come the three corners of the
world in arms,
And we shall check them.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.*

Naught shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but
true.

Vol. XXIII. No. 927.

Week ending Saturday, June 8th, 1918.

Twopence.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—KAISER."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

"Flame and Fury."

We have had quite enough of the "fury," and now comes the "fire"—which is *not* the work of the enemy—at that flat of ours. Fortunately, we were again away from the scene—but there it is. Fate seems to be pursuing us. Still, we are touching wood, and it is "tails up" all the time!

"P. B."

Mr. Pemberton Billing, M.P., is a remarkable man—as masterful as he is irrepressible. When we were asked to father him in his first election contest, we presented him with the draft of what we considered to be a rather effective Address to the Electors. He took it, read it—and then tore it up, with the remark—"Damn rot!" And, of course, he lost!

Ireland.

The *map* which clapped the Sinn Fein leaders in goal has set a temporary lull in Ireland. It has also put new life into the dismal Dillon, who was gradually sending his Party to sleep. But things will soon be humming again.

Fair Play for Valera.

You see, it is not our way to keep people locked up without trial. The right of *habeas corpus* is still part of our Constitution, and Valera and his fellow prisoners are entitled to know what are the charges against them. So are the public.

Are We at War?

So we refrained from bombing Cologne during the Corpus Christi celebration—at the request of the Pope! Has His Holiness anything further to say about the outrage on that Paris church on Good Friday?

Germany's Thanks.

And what was Germany's method of showing her appreciation? Another Paris church was bombed and another base hospital was destroyed—doctors, nurses and patients being cruelly murdered. And no doubt the enemy troops had a good time on the railways en route to the front! Oh dear us!

Our Libel Action.

Our action for libel against the publishers of the pamphlet "Horatio Bottomley Exposed," is now set down for trial, with a Special Jury, and should come on within the next few weeks.

Italy.

According to Mr. A. G. Hales—recently back from the Italian front—we are about to witness some big work out there. And Mr. Hales is rarely wrong. He was the first, by the way, to suggest the use of American troops in Italy.

Ramsay.

So Mr. Macdonald is saying good-bye to Leicester. It is easy to guess what Leicester is saying to him.

The National News.

At last this journal is to justify its title—having become all-British in its proprietorship. Good luck to it!

Derby Week.

Passing through Epsom the other day, we couldn't help comparing the deserted condition of its roads with the scenes of a few years ago—when it used to take us an hour to get from the "King's Head" to the course. For it was Derby week.

TO OUR READERS.

A new Order in Council will come into force at an early date forbidding the supply of all newspapers on "sale or return." From that date, therefore, to make sure of your copy of JOHN BULL, it is essential that you should give a definite order to your newsagent or bookstall for its regular supply.

Wicked "Lotteries."

Tombola promoters beware, or the police may be on your track—even though your schemes be for Sweet Charity! What tosh it all is! But the Editor's War Loan Prize scheme is all right.

"Black Justice."

You remember that old music-hall sketch. Well, here is a new edition of it: At the Marlborough Street Police Court the other day, Mr. Henry Allen Ashton was charged with carrying on a War Charity without having registered it under the new Act, and this is the result:—"Mr. Mead imposed a fine of £25 and £5 costs—but not to be enforced until the Charity Commissioners had decided whether or not the thing WAS a charity." What do you think of it!

The Speaker's Pun.

Coming so often across the name of Mr. Shortt, K.C., the new Irish Secretary, we are reminded of the only bad joke we ever heard the Speaker make. An M.P., whose name we cannot at the moment recall, was pressing the Prime Minister to introduce a rule limiting the length of members' speeches. It was at the end of question time, and the Speaker called upon the present Secretary to resume the adjourned debate—assuring the House it would have a "Shortt" speech!

The King's Clothes.

Who is responsible for all this nonsense about the King and his clothes? We are quite sure that in any event the Royal wardrobe will be equal to any sartorial strain "for the duration."

That Gun Scandal.

We fairly fired it off last week, and now all our contemporaries—God bless 'em!—are at the range. We are at it again, on another page.

The Prince and the Pope.

Without at present making any comment on the visit of the Prince of Wales to the Pope, we observe that amongst the officials who received him was "the British Envoy to the Vatican." We thought British Envoys were accredited only to Sovereign States.

Racing.

As we have said, if racing in any manner stands in the way of winning the war, let it go—lock, stock and barrel. But it is quite obvious that the Jockey Club have been fooled. There are many courses where no railway facilities would be required. Oh, for a Business Jockey Club!

The Railway Muddle.

What a mess the "Board" of Trade is making of the railway question! Is it the fault of Sir Albert Stanley, or of his two colleagues—the only other members of the "Board"—the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Speaker of the Irish Parliament?

Party Piffle.

So "the special duty of leading the van in the work of national reconstruction after the war" is to fall upon the Liberal Party! Thus Sir Alfred Mond. Let him Mond his own business.

A Dickens' Memorial—

In the shape of a permanent seaside Home for Blinded Soldiers whose lungs have been affected. Mr. W. W. Crotch, 14, Clifford's Inn, London, E.C.4. will tell you all about it.

And an "Athol Forbes" One.

Steps are also being taken to erect a memorial to the memory of that grand old Vicar of Gorleston, the Rev. Forbes A. Phillips. We shall subscribe to both.

To Our Readers.

Don't fail, please, to read the notice which you will find in that little "box," as we call it, in the centre of column two of this page. You wouldn't like to be told in a fortnight's time that you couldn't have your JOHN BULL!

Salaried Stupidity.

It is as well to have confirmation of the notion that Government specially favoured incompetent and "dud" officials. The Civil Service Commission admits that a Civil Servant, having obtained his certificate, cannot be discharged, however incapable or idiotic. He is regarded as entitled to his salary, and gets it—even when asked to stay at home instead of muddling matters at the office.

Petrol's Scarce and Time is Money.

There's plenty of petrol in Finedon. But when an aeroplane came down there in want of petrol it was sent for from Stamford, 26 miles away, and seven soldiers brought three gallons of it in a motor-car, which consumed five gallons on the journey. We should like to have heard the remarks of the V.T.C. man, a baker, sent for at his busiest time to guard the plane!

Their Hard Earnings.

Manchester folk, toiling for H.M. Stationery Office, claim to be the poorest paid workers in Lancashire. The rates support their claim to an unenviable distinction:—Men, 26s., bonus 8s.; women, 15s., bonus 6s. Yet these good souls subscribed by instalments for War Bonds. These were paid up on 9th January, but, when delivered recently, bore date of 6th April. In this way they have been deprived of interest on their hard-earned investments, and it is up to the Superintendent to explain why.

Wanted, a Look In.

More candidates for war bonus: "Old Guard" teachers "who yearly paid their contribution to the pension fund, but who fell out of the ranks incapacitated or who reached the age-limit prior to the Pension Act of 1912, are many of them existing on less than £30 a year." They have "neither received a war bonus nor any other bonus from the Government," and we are besought to get them "a look in somewhere." More than once we have said we would get everybody a war bonus if we could; everybody appears to deserve one.

The Cad in Khaki.

One of our readers, on a recent Saturday, "fetched a wounded Canadian soldier from the King George Hospital, Waterloo, to visit some friends in Clapham," and, to ensure his greater comfort, took first-class tickets. On entering the carriage, an officer seated in the "farther corner" demanded that the wounded Canadian, swathed in bandages and obviously shaky, should leave the carriage. By way of contrast, another officer of higher rank entered the compartment into which the travellers exchanged, and made no fuss at all. The explanation is simple. One was a cad; the other was a gentleman.

To the D.G.M.S.

We understand that the new Director General of Medical Services is calling into the R.A.M.C. every young doctor the moment he is qualified, without allowing him to gain valuable experience for a few months in civilian hospitals. Surely this is a grave mistake. To send a doctor to the Front in the circumstances means that our gallant fighting men do not get the kind of skill to which by their sacrifices they are entitled. Then, too, there is the scandal of refusing to allow even eminent civilian consulting surgeons—retained by the Government at great cost—to operate at the Front.

Cleaner Brighton.

Kind words do good. We dropped a few to Brighton concerning its disgraceful dumping of house-refuse, dust and dirt upon the shore at Black Rock, with consequent nastiness and danger to health. It pleases us to learn that the practice has been discontinued, the van-loads of Dust-ho's collection now being taken to the destructor.

Who Said Meat Shortage?

There is such a lot of meat about, if you only know where to get it, that at Glasgow "for weeks past large quantities taken out of cold storage have had to be destroyed." The last little lot to be cast into the destructor was forty tons. For all we know to the contrary, it is now stimulating somebody's potato-patch. Nature is a wonderful economist. Thus the most rotten Sunday joint is oft capable of sustaining the strongest onion.

And Reading Too.

It has been as bad, or worse, at Reading. On a recent Thursday 1,009 quarters of beef arrived there in open trucks, covered only with tarpaulin. The meat had been several days on the journey during the very hot weather. The local butchers refused to give it a home. Threatened with a withdrawal of their licences if they continued obdurate, they demanded that the meat should be passed by the Sanitary Inspector. Subsequently 100 quarters were carted away to the local sewage farm. All this in the face of an alleged meat shortage!

"No Information."

So the Admiralty has "no information" as to JOHN BULL's allegations of the scandalous condition of troopships carrying wounded Canadians back to the Dominion, and, according to Dr. Macnamara, "there is no reason to think that the supervision of troopships is other than adequate." Of course, the Admiralty know nothing of the sworn Inquiry held at Ottawa in March, which lasted four days, and, of course, there is no such thing as cable inquiries to let in light upon official ignorance. Really, Dr. Macnamara!

Sweating Discharged Soldiers.

The excessively mean and shabby treatment of discharged soldiers employed by the Government in the Post Office as temporary workers is naturally not a great success. "It stands to reason," says "Silver Badge," "that a man will not stay for a paltry wage of 29s. a week when he can get more outside. Then, too, the established men get full sick pay; £2 2s. boot money, winter as well as summer uniform; the temporary men get none of these concessions." If the P.M.G. can't treat these discharged soldiers generously, he might at least treat them decently.

"Poor" Companies.

We understand that the Government Commission appointed to look into the question of a War Bonus for Industrial Insurance Agents are satisfied that the poor dear Companies cannot afford it. Meanwhile, Mr. Thomas Moullin, of the Pearl Assurance Company, declares as follows: "The great progress of the Company now, in spite of heavy war claims, is very fine; last year we saved over a million of money in the face of all the difficulties of the times." Perhaps if the Commission had heard Mr. Moullin they would have decided differently. Perhaps they wouldn't.

Britishers First.

Writes an observant reader: "Go to any London hotel and you will find that from 50 to 90 per cent. of waiters, hall-porters, etc., are foreigners. Now, why cannot these cushy jobs be reserved for partially-maimed men?" Most gladly we pass the question on.

Grade 1, A1.

Dr. McKenzie, President of the Hull Medical Board, has made quite a joyful song before the Hull Tribunal over the fact that a man five times classed C3 and once rejected for valvular disease of the heart had been re-classed by the Board Grade I., being of opinion that he was "fit for the firing line"; also two others in similar case. We can see the three musketeers rushing pell-mell into the imminent deadly breach and bringing back Hindenburg and half the German army captive; but that is only fancy.

Invalid Recruits.

Judge Gynne James, of the Bath County Court, has a habit of speaking his mind. "I never saw such an awful waste of public money," he remarked, apropos of a recruit who went into hospital the day after his enlistment, and remained there till the day of his discharge, two months later. The story does not surprise us as much as it did Judge James. None the less, it is a severe reflection upon the Army medical examiners—many of whom, be it remembered, are the "panel" practitioners of civil life.

Where's the Lash?

Judging by constantly recurring cases, the paltry fines inflicted on the brutal ruffians, young and old, who maltreat pit ponies are utterly inadequate as a deterrent. The Rev. W. K. Gallagher, Rector of Barton-in-Fabis, Nottinghamshire, calls attention to five of these cases which he has noted locally "in the last few days." We agree with the worthy Rector that the deterrent way to deal with the infamous degenerates, "coarse and degraded in mind," who inflict these atrocities without pity and without scruple is the "stern and severe application of the lash."

The "Trade."

Owing to a couple of paragraphs that recently appeared in this journal, some of our Licensed Victualler friends seem to think we are antagonistic to their interests. If they knew what was going on behind the scenes they would be of a very different opinion. The real object of the Government is, by hook or by crook, to get State Purchase of the Trade. To this end it has offered every inducement to it to charge the highest possible prices, so that it can say to the electors, "Will not the State treat you much more justly than the publicans?" We know these pumpuritans!

Pinched Prices for Potatoes.

The merchants, we are told, charge the retailer 3½d. lb. for a 11½ lb. basket of new potatoes, and there is 1d. to pay for each basket, with portorage, cartage and railway charges in addition, bringing the cost to 4d. lb., at which the retailer is bound to sell if he sells at all. "Can you wonder," we are asked, "that the retailers do not stock them?" We do not wonder; but the Government can say that it isn't desirable that new potatoes should be stocked. They want to keep them in the ground till they grow older and fatter and run more to the family. And that does for once look like a flash of Food Control inspiration.

The Importance of Lace.

Long Eaton Tribunal heard 37 appeals. Two were withdrawn; in every one of the other 35 cases periods of exemption were granted, many of the applicants being described as lace manufacturers and twist hands. Lace is surely by way of being a luxury, and that fact should be familiar to members of the Tribunal—a large proportion of whom are in the lace trade!

"Conchies" to Coventry.

The Scottish Motor Traction Company, of Edinburgh, are asking for trouble, and if they persist in employing "Conchies" to fill up gaps in their service they will get it—sure as eggs. Already a strike is threatened if the remonstrances of the workmen are ignored. Argue about it as you will, the average patriotic Britisher regards the C.O. as a low-down shirker, with whom he declines to associate—and we are with him all the time.

Needlewomen and Woolwich.

Woolwich Arsenal might easily be a little kinder to needle-working women who are given bags to make up at home. There are war-widows with children among them, and it breaks the poor souls' hearts to find "no work to-day" after paying fares. One dear woman pleads she has only been permitted to earn £2 in a month, "and that she owes in rent." It seems that the work has been given out to drapery shops. Why? Do let us think of our fine, poor women first.

Party Influence.

On principle, we take strong exception to the choice of erstwhile Party political agents as Military Representatives, or as members of Tribunals. The objections to such appointments need no emphasis. There are many directions in which these unemployed vote-snatchers can render useful war service—but at the Bar, or on the Bench of a Military Tribunal, they are scandalously out of place.

A Pawky Parliamentarian.

At percentages Mr. Kellaway, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Munitions Ministry, is almost as strong as a stockbroker. Of the men in the employment of the Ministry recently released for military service, 73.5 per cent., he tells us, are in Grades 1 and 2. This sounds like business, but the Parliamentary Secretary seems strangely reluctant to give us the actual totals from which his precious percentages are calculated. Coy Kellaway!

A Brain Wave.

An official of the Food Production Department is said to be the sole author of the idea that no manufacturer of chemical manure should sell it in bags containing more than 14 lbs. weight. This idea, materialised as a new Regulation, means that if a firm receives an order for a ton of manure it will have to be sent out in 160 separate bags. One of these beautiful mornings we expect to awake and find horny-handed sons of toil delivering our 10-ton coal ration in 1-lb. bags.

The Milk of Human Blindness.

Milk is so plentiful just now that in many districts—such as Witley, for instance—it is going sour for the want of purchasers, and yet at Guildford a Mrs. Evans has been fined £10 for selling two glasses of it as a beverage! Is the Guildford County Bench mad?

Excessive Exemptions.

Recruiting at the Smithfield Market, Birmingham, seems to proceed on the principle of "Who shan't go." Unless we are misinformed, the local Tribunals are paying far too much attention to the representatives of the Fruit Traders' Association.

A Fat Job.

The "temporary Chief Clerk" wanted by the St. Marychurch (Glam.) Gas Department must be "a reliable person" and "experienced in all gas office work." Also he had better be a small eater, for his wages are to be only 2s. 6d. a week. Now for the rush!

"The Hidden Hand."

Happening to be in Liverpool last week, we were attracted by a poster announcing the production of a new play under this title, and in due course witnessed the best piece of War propaganda we have yet struck. We do not know whether the play is likely to come to London, but if so you must go and see it. It represents, in dramatic form, what many of us know has been going on in this country for many years—and makes us think.

Candid Communications.

This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Rev. J. A. Kempthorne, D.D., Bishop's Palace, Lichfield.

MY LORD BISHOP,—In a manner of speaking, you might have thrown a stone from the windows of your Palace into the grounds of Wrockwardine Rectory, where the Rev. Frederick Henry John McCormick, twelve years Rector, on a stipend of "about £150 a year," was slowly eating out his soul in poverty and despair, and where at last he ended his hard and unregarded life. There are many, many such—hungering, while their right-reverend Fathers in God are filled with good things. What a text for your lordship's next Charge! JOHN BULL.

To Joseph Smith, Esq., J.P., Stipendiary Magistrate, Grimsby.

SIR,—Occasionally, I fancy, you are a little too strong in the arm, a case in point being that of David Morris, a local confectioner lately fined 40s. for a trifling breach of the Early Closing Order. It was the usual story of a guileless shopkeeper being tricked and trapped by an artful constable, and, personally, I consider that if the man had been fined only a threepenny bit he would have been rather badly treated, especially as there was some evidence that his clock had lost a quarter. Please try for the future to hold the scales of justice a little more evenly. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Edgar W. Jolley, New Tupton.

DEAR SIR,—Recently the Clay Cross Co., Ltd., picked you out as a bad example of time-keeping, and dragged you before the Derby Munitions Tribunal, who mulcted you in £1. You have fought for your country, and become maimed for life for it. Engaged as you now are in one of the heaviest jobs in the foundry, you probably have imperative need of the rest of one day a week which you have been taking. I should have thought this necessity would have appealed to the Tribunal; if there is any consolation in my assurance, you can take it that it appeals to me. JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. R. E. Prothero, M.P., Minister of Agriculture.

MY DEAR PROTHERO,—How much longer are the bones of horses left for the essential work of the civilian population to stick through their skins? Analysis of the food they are now getting shows that it is utterly useless, regarded from the point of view of work-sustenance. One might as well ration you, if you will excuse my saying so, to a daily diet of raw firewood, desiccated sawdust, and starch. Have you forgotten that God made horses as well as men? JOHN BULL.

To Arthur Mee, Esq., Pampuritan, London.

OH, DEAR MEE!—I am open to bet a week's meat coupons that you are not descended from George Washington. If your latest pamphlet on the Liquor Problem did not bear your own bold signature, I should be forced to the conclusion that it had been compiled by a Committee consisting of Ananias and Sapphira, Baron Munchausen and De Rougemont. I am aghast at the moral havoc wrought by excessive devotion to ginger-pop. Weren't you ever at Sunday School? JOHN BULL.

To Sheriff the Hon. Huntly D. Gordon, Dingwall.

SIR,—Just a word or two with you regarding the case of William Williamson, the hawker of Alness. The allegation was that this man stuffed the nostrils of a broken-winded and practically crooked horse with sponges, to disguise its true condition and get rid of it at a market sale. In the apparently stiff trial of the horse by the prospective purchaser, the animal dropped down dead. The defendant denied that he put in the sponges, or that he knew they were there. You believe he did; I believe he did; and on the conviction it is clear that a fine of 50s. or 15 days is making light of a shocking act of cruelty done with a mercenary motive. We shall never get cruelty to animals in hand, Mr. Sheriff, till the guilty are severely dealt with. JOHN BULL.

To the Chairman, Chesterfield Board of Guardians.

SIR,—I'm glad I'm not a pauper in your Board's lump. Your porter, Wm. Mitchell, violently assaulted an inmate—according to some witnesses, knocked him down twice. Two days afterwards the inmate dies, his end arising from "natural causes." And, far from censuring Mitchell, he has not even suffered the indignity of being brought before the Board. In view of the sort of Guardians there are upon it, perhaps it would be too much of an indignity, even for Mitchell. JOHN BULL.

To T. E. Sampson, Esq., Liverpool City Coroner.

DEAR CORONER,—That was a distressing case of a man and wife from Tipton, putting up at a Liverpool hotel, and being suffocated in their sleep. According to a Corporation official, who gave evidence at the inquest, all the gas fittings in the hotel were in a very bad condition, although the Gas Company said it was none of their business—the question of responsibility being thus undetermined. To me, this looks like a slipshod conclusion of the matter, and I trust that before now you have forwarded drastic recommendations to the proper quarter. JOHN BULL.

To T. Wilson, Esq., J.P., Eccles Borough Police Court.

DEAR MAGISTRATE,—If a dog roams about without a collar his owner must expect to be fined, but that was only half the case of John Griffin, who lately made his humble bow to your illustrious Bench. There was another dog in the story, and that little doggie stayed at home; so that, unless the policeman chasing the first dog had butted right into the back-kitchen, he would not have noticed the second one reclining upon the hearthrug in uncollared ease. In these circumstances, I cannot see that there was any justice in fining the owner £1 1s. for the dog at home on the mat, as well as for the one that went to meet the million. Do you get me? JOHN BULL.

THE MACHINE GUN SCANDAL.

RESPONSIBILITY OF GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FURSE—MR. LLOYD GEORGE MUST ACT.

FOR nearly four years we have been at war; for more than three the British Army could have enjoyed the advantage of a machine gun—or machine rifle—superior to any other weapon of its kind in our hands. Yet for reasons which, according to the official explanations, are in our opinion wholly inadequate, our gallant soldiers are still denied the use of this wonderful weapon. That, in a few words, is the latest phase of what we have ventured to describe as the "Great Gun Scandal." By our revelations of a week ago the country and Parliament have been aroused to the real nature of the scandal, and the Government have done their best to screen the offending official. But it won't do. All the experts are canonising the gun; then why is it that the Master-General of Ordnance, General Sir W. Furse, is against it? As to what happened in 1915-1916 the story needs some amendment in the direction of exonerating Sir Arthur Duckham, who has shown extraordinary activity in his department, of any responsibility for delay. What is more, the Madsen gun—or, as we previously described it, the Danish gun—is to-day an immensely improved weapon, and it is with this present moment and the refusal to adopt the gun that the Army and the nation are concerned.

UNANIMOUS REPORTS.

Now what are the latest facts? Last month the rifle was submitted to a series of tests by the machine gun experts of the regiments and machine gun schools under the London District Command. Their reports are extraordinarily unanimous. It would be improper to quote the names of the officers, including those of the highest rank, who write enthusiastically to the authorities applauding its value alike for infantry

and cavalry, and declaring the "superior efficiency" of the Madsen to the Hotchkiss and the Lewis gun. Need we say that we have no personal interest of any sort or kind in this matter? We hold no brief for any gun—but we do hold a brief for the British Army. And we do declare most solemnly that the reasons given, on the authority of the Master-General of Ordnance, for refusing to adopt the gun are not only grossly inadequate but cruelly misleading. It was stated in the House of Commons that the question of the adoption of the Madsen gun was "recently re-examined by the Army Council, who decided against adopting it," and that G.H.Q. in France had come to the same conclusion. But these high authorities examined the question—not the gun. They have had no opportunity of testing the weapon. They have been solely guided by General Furse. And it is about time that that officer gave a full account of the reasons for his attitude. We have called for an inquiry—we call for it again, and hope that Parliament will insist upon it. It is stated officially that the gun has been turned down because of confidence in the Lewis gun, "which alone can be supplied in the enormous numbers required." Whose fault is that? And, moreover, are our soldiers to be denied a vastly superior weapon because they cannot all have it at once? The Lewis gun has done splendid work, but if there is a better gun, in the name of common-sense and for the sake of our gallant chaps, let us have it! Do you think the Germans would be put off with such childish and disingenuous excuses?

WE SHALL SHAME THE AUTHORITIES.

We have received the thanks of certain officers for our exposure of this piece of wicked War Office blundering—officers who have tested

the gun as experts, and who sing a chorus of unanimous praise. Unless action is taken, and taken quickly, we shall publish the reports of the expert, and shame the authorities. Those reports glow with praise of this gun, and the comparisons with the Hotchkiss and the Lewis are amazing in their frankness and unanimous in their preference. One, a distinguished Colonel, giving his opinion of some "remarkable" tests carried out on the range at Rainham, declares that all his officers are unanimous in its praise, and boldly says it is impossible to find any criticism adverse to the machine rifle. Then there is testimony to what we may describe as the indestructibility of the gun—and remember this is testimony less than a month old. We are told that the working parts of the Hotchkiss and the Lewis have to be treated with great delicacy, as the slightest obstruction affects, if it does not stop, the gun. But the Madsen, say the experts, with barrel extremely hot, was thrown into a muddy dyke, and when the mechanism was literally dripping with slime, was immediately fired without any cleaning whatsoever!

MR. LLOYD GEORGE MUST ACT.

Let the Prime Minister, who three years ago was all in favour of the gun, put his foot down. This is one of those occasions when it is the politician's duty to override pig-headedness and indifference. The man who made the Munitions Department can make this gun—the gun that would shorten the war. God knows, we should stop at nothing to improve the fighting efficiency of our army. This is a machine-gun war. To deny our men the best gun for killing Germans is a crime. And the criminals, if such there be, should be brought to justice!

SHADY BYWAYS.

A FARCE OF FARM WORK IN SURREY.

There is room for inquiry concerning well-to-do "workers on the land" at Godstone, Surrey. They have secured Conditional Exemption, and they do their allotted "work of national importance" by taking a season ticket from London, running down to Godstone by the 12.21 p.m. train, and back to the smoke by the 3.51. They "work on a farm," by just showing up, and putting in a few hours' strenuous driving, cycling, or walking in Surrey's shady byways, not always alone. How is the oracle worked? We have seen it in the working. We noted able-bodied men of military age coming into Godstone by the morning trains, and most of them bore evident signs of prosperity. On the farms where they "work" they wore their fine raiment and spick-and-span boots and gaiters, while the cleanliness of their hands did not bode for serious toil. Some of them patronised the hotel. They did not hurry back to work, preferring to return to London by a train as early in the afternoon as possible. One gentleman arrived at Godstone by the 10.12 train, quite an early one. He is a London publican, a well-built man, and would make a fine soldier if he did not prefer farm-labouring. He was equipped for toil in a smart sort of sport costume, and he accompanied two youths in a field where they were fixing wire-netting. They knew their work, and he could look on and talk and smoke his pipe—work of national importance. Godstone itself has yielded up its last man of military age, and the work on its farms could quite well be filled by old soldiers and R.D.C. men of the type already there. The men from town, as their "work" is sheer pretence, and there another job for which they are obviously fit.

BLOSSER'S BUNKUM.

A "RARE AND REFRESHING" REMEDY.

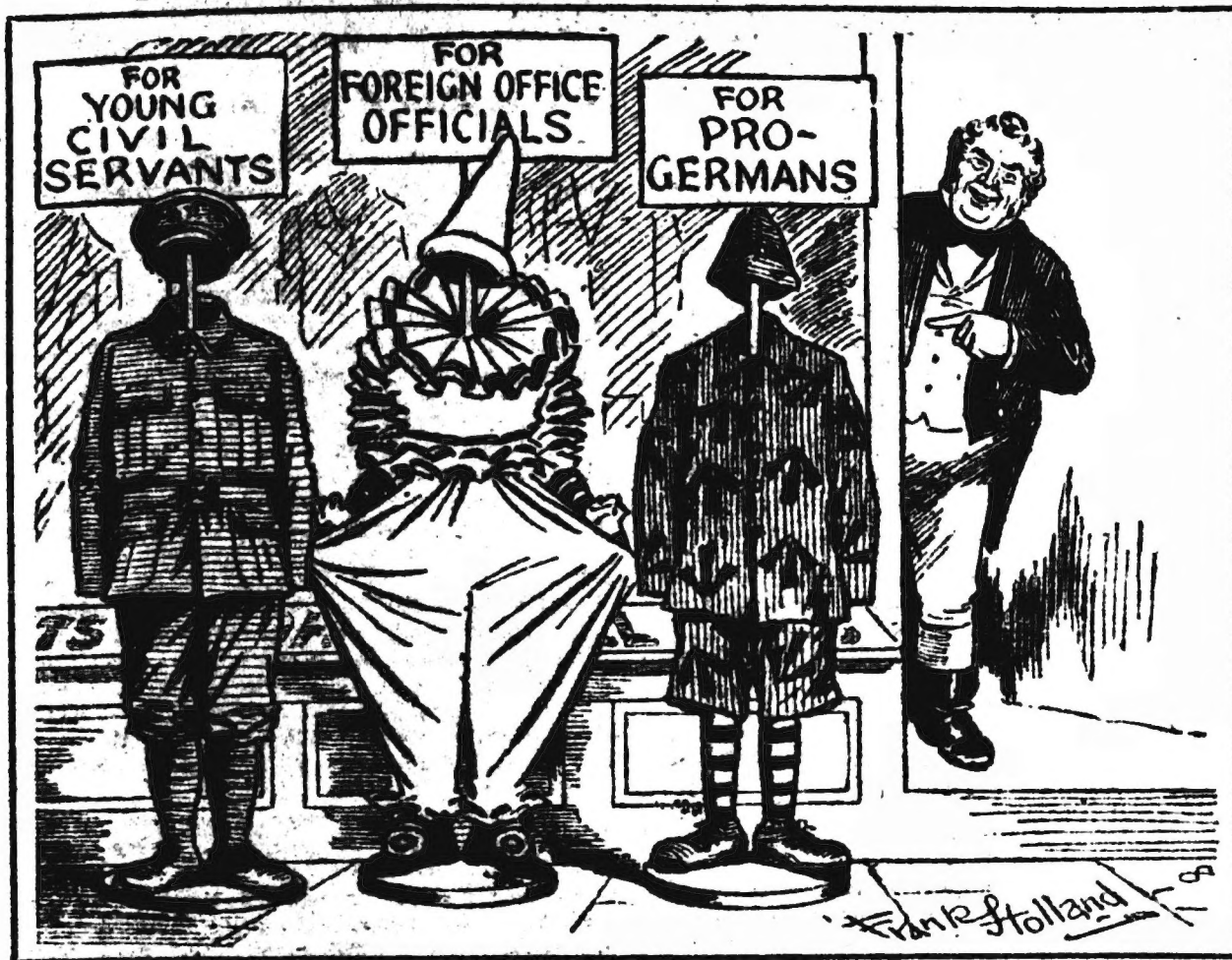
If you sneeze in your sleep, or cough in Church, you may be interested in Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy, an American preparation, whose proprietors have taken London lodgings at 8, Bouverie Street, E.C. For the comfort of the unregenerate, it is to be noted that the remedy is made up not in pills or potions, but in the form of a smoking mixture—pipe or cigarette, so that it may be tried on the bus or in the boudoir. As a reader informs us, a lady friend of hers has spent £17s. on the Remedy without the least sign of benefit—which may be due to the unfortunate sufferer not having sufficiently observed the detailed instructions with which Dr. J. W. Blosser, U.S.A., favours his prospective patrons. Indeed, Dr. Blosser is nothing if not encouraging, and in the whole realm of tutorial literature we know scarcely anything more complete in its way than the sage and homely counsel with which he seeks to guide the preliminary puffer. "If you are entirely inexperienced, you will soon learn"—and Dr. Blosser then goes on to explain, with rare insight, that "if the pipe goes out, it is because you have not drawn hard enough"; although he omits, we notice, to remark that if you set your hair on fire over the job it is a Heaven-sent warning that you are drawing too hard. Still, on the whole, these Directions for Using, of which we have space for no more than a single typical item, are a work of art, and we would as soon think of instructing our grandmother in the art of egg-suction as of teaching Dr. Blosser to conjugate the verb "to bamboozle." True, that 27 shilling episode does stick in the throat a little, but, of course, a living has to be made somehow, even by American "M.D.s"—merry devils that they are!

GROSS PERSECUTION.

INVALID CHILD AND A MONSTROUS FINE.

The L.C.C. Education Officers are at their old game of hounding and harrying parents, turning a deaf ear to every excuse. Six months ago, a St. Pancras mother, in very poor circumstances, was summoned on account of her little boy's frequent absence from school; and although a Dispensary doctor's certificate was produced to show that the poor little fellow was suffering from heart weakness and a wasting disease, a fine of 10s. was imposed. In the last few months the child has got worse, and on many occasions the doctor had expressly forbidden his being sent to school. Result, another summons to the Clerkenwell Police Court, where, on the production of the medical certificates, the proceedings were adjourned for an examination by an L.C.C. doctor. After a formal inspection by this official physician, the child was apparently pronounced fit for school attendance, and at the resumed hearing the mother was again fined 10s. and costs. In the meantime, we have obtained an independent report upon the child's condition from a doctor with a wide experience of juvenile ailments. It is a pathetic human document. The physique of the child is "poor"; there is "evidence of wasting in the chest and limbs"; the action of the heart is "weak"; enlarged tonsils and adenoids are present, and the expansion of the lungs is "feeble." The only possible treatment consists in a sufficiency of nourishing food and "being out in the open air as much as possible. His doctor acted rightly in judging the boy unfit to attend, as he was obviously ill." We make a present of these conclusions to Mr. J. A. Symmons, the Magistrate responsible for a decision thus shown to have been grievously unjust.

STANDARD SUITS FOR EVERYBODY.



John Bull Starts a Clothing Store.

"DORA'S" DIRTY DODGES.

OUTRAGE UPON GODALMING PUBLICANS.

Everybody knows that in many districts, notably in the West End of London, the idiotic Non-Treating Order is a dead-letter. But where the military red-tape comes into play human nature has no chance. And so in certain Military Areas prosecutions under the Non-Treating Order are fast and furious. At Godalming and Eastbourne, for instance, the regulation has been enforced with unparalleled tyranny. We have already commented on the case of Mr. Wren, of the "Horse and Groom," Godalming. But three other publicans in the district have been served in the same way, and it appears that at Eastbourne things are no better. Mr. and Mrs. Gold now keep the White Hart Hotel, Godalming. Mr. Gold was, a short time ago, discharged from the Army.

An alleged breach of the Non-Treating Order, in which two Cadets were concerned, was reported to the authorities—whereupon, instead of a summons being issued, Mrs. and Mr. Gold were actually arrested. They were taken before the Superintendent of Police, who questioned them; and Mrs. Gold had to suffer the indignity of having a description of her hair, eyes, etc., taken—for all the world as though she were a pickpocket—before they were let out on bail. Subsequently the Godalming Bench fined them £5. On appeal the conviction was quashed. But when Mrs. Gold saw the G.O.C. at Aldershot, before the hearing of the appeal, he read her a memorandum "recommending that the house be closed." You may think perhaps that now the conviction is quashed the danger is past. You don't know the Godalming military authorities! When publicans are arrested by the police in true Prussian militarist fashion for breach of this piffing Order, the G.O.C. sometimes closes the pub. before the cases are decided. This, for example, was done in the case of the "Skinners' Arms." It is up to the general public to see that this gross act of tyranny is not repeated, and that in future decent Englishmen and Englishwomen are not treated like common criminals.

"MEDICINE AND DUTY."

PASSED FOR OVERSEAS—THREE DAYS LATER DEAD.

Is there to be no end of these medical scandals in the Army? Take the appalling case of William George Griffiths, an eighteen-year-old boy of Kington, Herefordshire. He was in camp near Bridlington. On Sunday, 19th May, he was examined by the Medical Officer, Captain Calverley, R.A.M.C., and passed by him for overseas service. On Wednesday morning, the 22nd, the boy "reported sick," and Captain Calverley, who saw him about 8 a.m., stated that Griffiths complained of pain in the stomach, but that his pulse and temperature were normal. So he gave the boy some castor oil, and marked him for "medicine and duty." But the boy went to his tent, and lay down, like a wounded animal, to die.

Once tea and a bun were fetched for him, but he did not want them. At 4.15 p.m. Griffiths asked a comrade to lift him up so that he could himself fetch some tea. His pal tried to do so, and found that the boy could not walk. So he went himself for the tea, but found there was none left. At last, at 9.30 p.m., help arrived from the doctor's—and what a help! Corporal Arthur Robinson, the M.O.'s Orderly, came, found nothing unusual, and made no inquiries as to food. The night passed quietly. At reveille the lad was found dead. Calverley, who passed Griffiths on the Sunday for active service, says now "he was of poor physique, and had probably been brought up in fairly poor surroundings. In his childhood he might have had illnesses which had left traces of which they had no record." Poor physique! Yet, Calverley passed him three days before his death for active service! Is it the custom to leave sick men to die like dogs? We heartily support the jury's rider, forwarded by the Coroner to the Officer Commanding the regiment, that "there had been serious neglect in that the deceased had been left without medical or nursing attention for so many hours," and we demand that Calverley and Robinson should be transferred to a sphere where it is out of their power to treat other boys in similar fashion.

"JOHN BULL" AMONGST THE TROOPS.

"BEST READ AND MOST INFLUENTIAL PAPER."

A correspondent sends us the following:—"At the recent annual meeting in London of the Newspaper Society there was a discussion on the subject of saving paper by stopping the publication of journals that did not serve a national purpose. The President, Mr. Jeans, of Liverpool, remarked that he knew of no journal that was less necessary than JOHN BULL. He cocked up his ear for the applause, but there was nothing doing. The meeting did not agree with him. A gentleman in the audience rose and regretted that the President should have chosen so unfortunate an example. He himself, a newspaper owner, had recently spoken with three officers direct from the front, and each one agreed that JOHN BULL was not only the best-read journal amongst our men in France, but that it also had more influence than any other. Thereupon the President gracefully subsided."

What have we done to upset brother Jeans?

"PLEASE WALK IN."

A CELEBRATED FORM OF INVITATION.

One or two cases of lack of attention to customers have been reported to us concerning D. M. Cooper, Ltd., Surgical Appliances, 124, Holborn, London. In one instance a reader sent money for an advertised article, but has not received it nor has he had a reply to repeated applications. Another complains of a misfit, and failure to return money—letters once more being ignored. Our own experiences with Cooper are rather similar. We wrote inviting an explanation, but failed to get any response in the stamped envelope we sent him. We have called at his office, on the fourth floor. On the door are the words, "Please Walk In," but such an invitation, which we would gladly have accepted, is but a disappointment when the door is locked. Business hours are notified as from 11 to 1 and from 2 to 4, and we have made several calls within those hours. But Mr. Cooper has never been on show. It would seem absurd to attempt any business with a firm so dilatory as not to reply when money has been sent them.

ROUGH ON THE FARMER.

KENT MAGISTRATES OUT FOR BLOOD.

In these stirring times it is the clear duty of every patriot to dig for all he is worth, but the allotment worker must have tools, and the large farmer machinery, if he is to get the best out of his land, and to comply with the exacting requirements of the Board of Agriculture. Thus, when Mr. Edward Joseph Pout, a Swalecliffe farmer, was brought before the St. Augustine's (Kent) Magistrates on a charge of "failing to comply with a notice served on him by the Kent War Agricultural Committee," it was on the question of machinery that the whole case hinged. It transpired in evidence that no sooner had Mr. Pout received the notice than his old steam plough stopped, never to go again. Mr. Pout tried his hardest to buy or borrow the necessary implements. We have seen copies of the letters he wrote and the replies he received, documents almost numerous enough to paper a room. Unfortunately, this extensive correspondence did not enable Mr. Pout to satisfy the Committee, and so when the case came before the Magistrates, all he could do—although he bears an excellent reputation and has worked his hardest during the war—was to plead guilty, and throw himself upon the mercy of the Court. Fortunately, a man cannot be hanged or shot, or even sent to penal servitude, for an offence of this nature—otherwise we fear it might have gone hard with Mr. Pout. Ignoring his difficulties, scorning his protests, pook-pooking his arguments, they fined the farmer £50. Our sympathies are with Mr. Pout.

WHATEVER view you may take of the merits of either one side or the other in the Pemberton Billing case, it is impossible to deny that it has brought into prominence a very unsavoury subject. To the general, clean-minded public it has come as a shock to learn that in certain sections of the people of this country—and in the very highest places—base sexual degeneracy is rampant. It is a topic, however, at which the orthodox, conventional journalist shies, in terror of offending the susceptibilities of his readers and violating the canons of "good taste." JOHN BULL, however, is neither orthodox nor conventional; and although I confess to a loathing of the Thing, I feel it my duty, now that the Thing has been forced into the daylight, to speak—and to speak plainly—about it. I hope, however, to be able to do so without pandering to the morbid or the prurient. Every student of history is aware that sexual depravity has always been an adjunct of Empire decay. It preceded the fall of Greece and Rome, of Babylon, Syria, Egypt, China and other old-world civilisations. There is, for example, in our current vocabulary, one phrase pertaining to the relations of the sexes which, if properly understood, has a sinister significance, and would never pass the lips of decent people—"platonic love." But let that pass. Thank God, the virus of the ghastly perversion with which I am now dealing has not so far seriously contaminated the blood of the British race. On the other hand, it is idle to deny that the germ of the disease is there, and the only way to stamp it out is by letting in the scorching sun of healthy public opinion. Need I say that, like almost everything else loathsome, vicious and disgusting, it comes from Germany?

"Made in Germany."

Militarism, such as Germany boasts, breeds gross vice. That is an outstanding fact. Take the testimony of doctors and social reformers in Germany—it all points to the growth of terrible practices in all classes of German society. Those horrible exhibitions of bestial lust which marked, as with searing irons, the march of the German legions through Belgium—exhibitions so public and so degrading that many of the victims took their own lives after their physical purity had been most grievously violated—were typical of the Hun's normal bestiality. And never forget it was not only the ordinary soldier whose awful animalism displayed itself in the conquering progress through the fair lands of Belgium—it was a deliberate and a calculated barbarity. What is more, it was carried out under the orders and before the eyes of the commanding officers. There are incidents recorded on the sworn evidence of witnesses which have never seen the accusing light of public print—so terrible, so incredible, that it is impossible to believe that the men of any nation could be guilty and yet be permitted to live. But those of us who know of the moral depravity which has fallen upon the German people are surprised at no revelations, however hideous and bestial. In the days before the war there was evidence of the depraved morals of the Hun, and it needed no recent disclosures of the scheming of the German in this country to undermine the virtue of those in high places, to convince us of the diabolical purposes of the enemy. Who can forget the disgraceful Eulenberg scandal, which startled even the gross and overfed Hun out of his complacency? He knew of the vice rampant in the Fatherland, but when a fearless journalist—and some day the world will pay its just tribute to the men who risk all for country's sake—made it clear that the degenerate and the pander lurked near the very steps of the throne, the horrible extent of the pestilence was made manifest. "Le Vice Allemand" is as old as Sodom and Gomorrah, but to-day it is sapping the strength of the ruling classes in Germany, and its vicious and degrading influences have extended far beyond the confines of the German Empire. Wherever the "white slave traffic" is rampant, wherever in those cities of the world unnatural vices are to be found—there will be detected the hand of the vicious and degenerate German. It was the intrepid Maximilian Harden whose journalistic courage—whatever we may think of some of his war-time exploits—bearded the filthy creatures in Potsdam itself. He denounced the "Camarilla" of decadents and degenerates whose influence was all-powerful in the entourage of the Kaiser, and he named Prince Philip-Eulenberg as the leader of this bestial gang of moral degenerates.

VICE IN H

"Made in Germany"—Horrors that Po

By THE

Horrors that Pollute Society.

To what extent the Kaiser was aware of the hideous practices of the crew which surrounded him I am not prepared to say. But the dirty gang made the most frantic efforts to brazen things out. Like the unspeakable Oscar Wilde, who, thinking he was above the law, outraged all the canons of decent society, corrupted youth and damned immortal souls in pandering to his filthy passions, so those men who surrounded the Kaiser made a desperate fight against indignant public opinion, and against the fearless onslaught of a patriotic journalist. Wherever these horrors raise their head and pollute society with their foulness, it will be found that every honest attempt to crush the hideous disease is met with desperate measures of vilification and accusation. To turn on the accuser and charge him with the very practices he denounces is a common subterfuge; but where public opinion is clean and honest—as, thank God, it is in this country—the attempts of the hideous crew to attack their just traducers is doomed to ignominious failure. There is a kind of historic irony in the fact that when the Kaiser, always a neurotic, was upset by the revelations of the filth and slime which polluted the very steps of his throne, he came to an England clean and pure, to rid his mind of the horrible thoughts and doubting fears engendered by those revelations. The effect upon his nervous system was distressing; it was feared that his mind, always near the point at which sanity and madness meet, would not bear the strain; and at Christchurch, amid the cleansing power of pure Hampshire air, he sought to obliterate the horrors of the Potsdam degenerates. But if report is to be believed—and who to-day would acquit the Kaiser of any debasing meanness or dishonourable subterfuge?—the All Highest brought with him his chief spy, to take full advantage of British hospitality and the freedom which this country in its stupid generosity has always accorded to foreign guests. The terrible vices of the Cities of the Plain, the demoralising practices which brought ancient Rome to her ruin and sapped the splendid virility of her once all-conquering soldiery, have been outclassed in depravity and bestiality in the highest society in Germany.

The Danger of Foul Contamination.

If the Hun was content to wallow in his own filth, to sink in the bog of his own bestiality, we might deplore the decadence of a race never noted for moral strength and cleanliness. But there is a greater danger, and it is one against which this country must fight with all its might—the danger of contamination from creatures like Bertha Trost—the woman of unspeakable practices, who was kicked out of this country after war had run some months of its course, and who used her house not only to corrupt some of the best manhood of England, but to play the spy for Germany. There is enough evidence to convict our foul enemy of deliberately using men and women for the fell purpose of demoralising those who might from their position fall an easy prey to the careful inquisitiveness of these agents of the Hun. Not only in the West End of London have these degenerate harpies designed their lairs, but in the big seaports of the country depraved women have been used by the Kaiser and his tools to worm the secrets out of men and make them play traitor to their King and country. If ever there was a nation of despicable creatures who subscribe to the gospel that "the end justifies the means," Germany is that nation. Without common decency, ignorant of the meaning of honour, corrupt and corrupting, these skunks of Europe have played their loathsome game to the end that the purity of civilised communities might be defiled and honest men turned into miserable moral lepers. If the true story of the plots and schemes leading up to, and continuing during, the war is ever told, it will be found that decent men—yes, and women, too—have been artfully enmeshed in the coils of lasciviousness, shackled in chains of unnatural vice, and held in bondage by the terror of

H PLACES.

of Society—Dangers of Contamination.

EDITOR.

their own evil-doings. I do not write of these things lightly. It is no part of my purpose to pander to mere sensationalism, or to make a story that will appeal to the erotic or the hysterical. But I know what I am saying and writing with all deliberation. I know the ruling classes in Germany—those who sit in high places, and with the ruthless heel of an iron ambition crush all that is best and noblest in human emotions—as a degraded, debased and despicable caste. They have turned unnatural vice into a religion; they have their ritual for wrong-doing and their orders of service for the most debased and bestial of practices. Among all decent men—in any Society where chastity is given honourable recognition, where the purity of young manhood and the virtue of women is counted a priceless possession—the things which are spoken of in Germany with devilish arrogance and inhuman pride are only recognised in asylums for the insane, in retreats for the mentally debased. Would it be believed that in the land of the Hun they would alter the very laws which bring to punishment those who debase physical purity, and one of their most famous, or infamous, authors pleads for toleration of the most unspeakable crimes against naturehood, and contemplates the time when his false and perverted view shall have “permeated the wide circles of the populations” and when “the old consciousness of right will be replaced by the new one, which will demand the repeal of a criminal law by which a natural phenomenon is regarded as a vice and a crime and is treated as infamous”?

A Nation of Moral Lepers.

How can any decent man boast of finding a “spiritual home” in this land of male perverts and female decadents? The time will come when the morally weak, and those whose patriotism is thin and anemic, will ask the manhood of Great Britain to make friends with the nation of moral lepers. In God’s name, let us keep our heads—aye, and endeavour by every means in our power to keep free from the contaminating touch of the Hun. The great heart of this land of ours is still clean and wholesome. Among those who are pleased to regard themselves as the governing classes in the paths of high Society, these debasing and enervating vices are, it is true, to be found. But it is not they who stand for England. The clean-limbed and clear-eyed youth who answered the call of country and to-day is giving his life without sense of sacrifice in stemming the onrush of the brutal and bestial foe—he is England. And so long as the masses are free of the canker which has entered into the very vitals of the Hun nation, we need not fear anything. But it is the duty of every public man to denounce the degenerate wherever he may be found, and without respect of person or position to name the practisers of evil, and to bring them to the bar of an outraged public opinion and an offended national conscience. We have in our own Royal House a record of sane living and clean heredity of which we may well be proud. Compare it with the House of Hohenzollern. The father of Frederick I. was insane, and the son of that monarch was a homicidal lunatic; Frederick William II. was a cruel degenerate, and his direct descendants were either mentally deficient or palpably insane; until we come to the man of blood-lust—a vain-glorious and ruthless creature—who holds to-day the threatened destinies of Germany in his hand. Picture his degenerate and grinning eldest son—a man of debased proclivities, cruel and inconstant, an acknowledged and unrepentant thief. The Crown Prince typifies all that is most cunning and mean, most dishonourable and disgusting, in the German character. And thus I foresee the finger of fate pointing for Germany the doom which her moral decadence also presages. Well, now let me come nearer home. For years past there have been persistent and never to be stifled whispers and rumours of the prevalence of these sexual vices—on the part of both sexes—amongst all the higher ranks

of Society. Artists, authors, politicians, musicians, actors, actresses, the clergy—all have contributed their quota to the volume of evil report. Go into any West End club, into any theatrical group, into any artistic coterie, or any political social gathering—where men and women are free to speak—and you hear the same names repeated. Go to any week-end party at a country house, and you find the same scientific selection and grouping of guests. Before the war the Thing was bad enough—to-day it is infinitely worse. So far as women are

concerned, the absence of their men at the Front has undoubtedly aggravated the evil. On the other hand, the nervous strain of the war and the idiotic talk about modern culture and all the rest of it, have had their effect upon the neurotic and erotic temperaments of men blazed with the ordinary attractions of life—with the result that to-day sexual perversity is more rife than ever it has been before. It is no part of my intention recklessly to pillory the principal devotees of these devilish arts—but I solemnly warn them that unless they take the hint given by recent events and disown and discard their abnormal practices, no consideration of either fear or convention will restrain me from publishing a Black Book of my own. I do not say it will contain forty-seven thousand names, but there are certainly forty-seven—known to every man and woman about town—the publication of which would shake the foundations of Society. They include those of peers and their sons and daughters, of politicians and their wives, of actors and actresses, of authors and artists, of clerics and ministers—“established” and nonconformist—all famous in their respective spheres, and all at present protected by that weird freemasonry which is the gospel and moral of sexual perversity. Let them take warning. The Billing case—as to the merits of which, I repeat (for at the time of writing it is not concluded), I express no opinion of any kind—will not have been in vain if it serves as the Writing on the Wall; and I can say this without casting any shadow of aspersion upon anyone whose name has been mentioned in the course of these proceedings, whether a party to them or not. It will be quite time enough to do that when the case is finally disposed of, and anything which may be said can prejudice neither the one side nor the other. But I do say that the general public have received a rude shock. People are whispering at street corners and wondering, and it is of the highest national importance that whilst the extent of this sexual peril should not be exaggerated, its existence should be no longer camouflaged in the name of canting convention.

What the Soldier Demands!

When the Billing case is over, my pen will be freer than it is to-day, and I assure you I shall not mince my words the moment they are incapable of; in legal parlance, “interfering with the administration of justice.” To-day we are in the very crisis of this world-war. It needs no military knowledge, no expert in strategy and tactics, to understand the perils of the situation. I am still confident, supremely confident, in the power and spirit of our wonderful troops—fighting side by side with the gallant Frenchmen—to give such an account of themselves that the Hun, with all his efficiency, his cruel deliberation of purpose, his cynical bestiality, will finally be ground in the dust. Never since the Story of the Cross have the forces of Evil been allowed to prevail, and they shall not prevail now. But our glorious sons, who have given up home and love, comfort and ease, to face the foe, have a right to expect that those of us who hold watch and ward will faithfully see to it that we keep our governing classes free from those debilitating and debasing vices that sap the energies of men, that break down the sanctity of the sexes, and in their final effect weaken our arm for the fight and give freedom to the slimy schemings of the cad and the blackmailer. But let me say with a full sense of responsibility that things are known to me about which I have kept silence because I have been profoundly anxious to do nothing which could cloud the sun of the victory or shake the confidence of the People in those who by the sorry accident of the polling booth may be elected to rule over us. Up to now it has been our boast that we are a clean nation, fighting with clean hands; and, considering the insidious methods which have been employed by the enemy to pollute our moral, it is no mean tribute to the robust purity of our race that we are still able to make that claim. God grant we may never forfeit it!

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

A DEPARTMENTAL FLAPPER.

Good afternoon, miss. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . A 'air-wave? I'll take yore 'air down. There's a n'art in takin' ladies' 'air down so as not to irritate the capillaries. . . No, they ain't insicks, miss, but the name they give the roots of the 'air. Do you like the long wave or the short wave? The short wave takes a bit longer, but — . . . Oh, you're in a Guv'ment office, so time ain't nuthink to you? Quite so. Do you like the work, miss? . . . What work? W'y, the work wot you're engaged on. . . Oh, you can't call it work, not reely! You surprise me! 'Ow is thet, then? . . . Not enough work to go round? Then 'ow do you pass the time? . . . You arrive at the office at 10 a.m., take your 'at orf an' make yoreself tidy, by w'ich time it is 'arf-past. I see. Then you goes round an' ses good mornin' to all the other young ladies in yore depawtment? O' course. Thet's on'y perlite. An' by the time you've done thet, about wot time is it? . . . Eleren o'clock? Ah, it would be. Then you settles down to your mornin' job, I take it? . . . Oh, you 'as a cup o' tea first, do you? An' very nice, too. An' by the time you've finished thet it's gittin' on fur twelve, eh? . . . I thort it would be. Then serious bizzness begins, I reckon. . . Ah, arter you've washed yore 'ands. W'y, cert'n'y. But 'from 'arf-past twelve to one there must be a bit of a rush ain't there, to git a mornin's work in? . . . Oh, you don't worry yourselves about thet? Busy makin' up little parties fur lunch? To be sure. The right comp'ny at a meal makes all the diff, don't it? Not 'arf! Now, you an' me, I reckon, are jest about sooted to 'ave a little bit o' grub together, and if it wasn't fur the

missus, 'oo's shore to be 'ome this evenin', and if the wore wasn't on, and if there wasn't so many smart young orficers about wot make sportin', middle-aged parties like me look like back numbers to you young ladies, I might suggest a snack up West this evenin' and a the-ater arterwards. No offence an' no 'arm done. . . . But torkin' about yore work, I reckon you find it pritty stiff jurin' the arternoons, don't yer? . . . Oh, you git back to the office between 'arf-past two an' three o'clock. I see. An' then you gits your pritty little noses down to the grindstone, I dessay? . . . Arfter a cup o' tea? O' course. I didn't think o' thet. You must 'ave a bit of a stimulent to henable you to git through the rush before post time. . . . Oh, by thet time the men clerks 'ave broken the back of the work, 'ave they? So you've nothing much more to do then put on your 'at and think about goin', eh? 'Ow tired you must be by the time you gits 'ome. Ready fur bed, I'll lay a quid. . . . Arfter a the-atre or a music-'all? 'Ow stupid o' me! I never thort o' thet. O' course, you must cheer the soldiers up some'ow. Well, takin' it orl round, I think the country ought to feel very much erbliged to you. Now you're orf back to go on doin' yore bit, I s'pose? . . . Oh, you're goin' round to the bootmaker's first to git some more 'igh-topped boots? W'y, I thort they was ferbid by "Dora"? . . . Oh, not till June. I see. So you're goin' to git a few pairs in 'and. Very wise. By the way, miss, do you git yore War Bonus all right? . . . I'm glad to 'ear it. . . . Eighteen pence, if you please. . . . Thanks very much. Good arternoon, miss. I 'ope I shell 'ave the pleasure on some future occasion . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"BRISTOL EVENING NEWS" :—

"The Bishop of St. Asaph has issued the following statement for the guidance of the clergy and laity of the diocese :—As clergy, we all desire to do our King and country at this crisis."

"ENCORE" :—

"What the Encors would like to know. . . . If it is correct that owing to the high price of linoleum some people are now whitewashing their floors with yellow ochre."

"TIMES" :—

"M. Venizelos added :—' Let the REALLY BRAVE of Athens come here and see FOR THEMSELVES how far from the truth they are.'"

"IDEAS" :—

"The first authentic instance of a rickow returning to a travelling domicile is that of Noah's dove to the drifting Ark."

"NORTH STAR" :—

"Deafening peals of thunder were followed by vivid lightning."

"REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER" :—

"Blackpool is to remain the lowest-rated borough in Lancashire, and ONE OF THE LOWEST SEASIDE RESORTS in the Kingdom."

"PRIMROSE COUNTY GUARDIAN" :—

"Mr. Ogleby thought that there ought to be power to compel the farmers to send THEIR BEASTS in to the market so that the people could have local meat."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND HERALD" :—

"A deputation from the Master Bakers' Association was given an interview on the question of the use of 15 LB. OF POTATONS PER OUNCE OF FLOUR for bread making."



More effective than
Carbolic Acid yet
harmless and safe

The new Purifier of the Home

Until MILTON was discovered, the only purifiers known were corrosive disinfectants. These were and are most serviceable, but must be used with extreme care, and in any case they emit a disagreeable odour. Now that the housewife has found Milton, the new purifier, she can discard the disinfectants and employ Milton everywhere for every purifying purpose. It is safe and harmless—even a tiny baby could play with it without injury. In future do not use disinfectants, but only

MILTON

Go to your dealer to-day and obtain a bottle of Milton. Follow the instructions carefully and you will have a new and powerful yet harmless purifying agent for hourly use, and for fifty-nine different practical purposes in the home

It keeps food fresh and free from taint
It kills cooking smells
It removes stains without injury even to most delicate fabrics.
It cleanses all sinks and enamel ware
It is stronger than any disinfectant
It kills all vermin
It freshens and purifies stuffy rooms and sick rooms
It is economical

Wherever you find a peculiarly disagreeable smell, get a bottle of Milton and use it according to the instructions which accompany it, and, presto! the smell is destroyed as if by magic, the air is at once purified, and the germs and bacteria accompanying the smell are annihilated

1/- & 2/- Bottle

To be obtained from all Dealers

MILTON MANUFACTURING CO. LTD. 125 Bunhill Row, London, E.C. and 64 Wellington Street, Glasgow.

"TOMMY AND JACK."

(Dealing also with the discharged sailor and soldier and their dependents, in co-operation with the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers.)

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—Horatio Bottomley, 19th August, 1916.

"TOMMY."

Why?—We hear from the Central Hospital at Whittington, Staffordshire, that an order has been issued to the effect that the patients must not change postal orders. We should like to know why. Any German prisoner may cash one of the pretty blue and white chitties. Has the Superintendent of the Hospital concluded that a man who has a postal order in his possession has necessarily thieved it?

The Haughty Sub:—A subaltern of the Royal Engineers' Rest Camp, at Bedford, when he walks abroad during parade hours has a Corporal behind him, whose duty is to report what men among the recruits fail to salute him. Any poor fellow who does not kow-tow is placed on the mat! We hope the one-pip peregrinator will soon be sent to the Front.

The Infantry is Starving:—We now want every infantryman we can lay hands upon. About a year ago we pointed out to the War Office that there was a large and useless Cyclist Corps at Chiseldon Camp, and suggested that they should be turned into infantry. The War Office awoke, and about a week after our publication the men exchanged their wheels for rifles and shortly after went to the Front. The other day we found a similar Cyclist Regiment in Canterbury, and now suggest that the Chiseldon experiment should be repeated.

Make Them Orders:—We know what the suave official Parliamentarians are. We also know that their pledges and promises are little better than the German scraps of paper. All kinds of assurances are given by the mouthpieces of the War Office—such as that the widow's remaining son shall not be taken; that leave will be granted generously, etc., etc. Our experience is that such promises are not worth a tinker's damn, as they are ignored by regimental authorities. If Mr. Macpherson and his subordinates mean what they say, they should have their promises translated into binding Army Council Instructions and Army Orders. Unless this is done, the words used in Parliament may be regarded as the vapourings of hot-air merchants.

Hell for Tommy:—To err is human, and our conscripts, who take a long time to learn discipline and King's Regulations, are very human, and thus get into detention barracks or prisons. Some of these buildings, we unhesitatingly say, are blue Hells, where the men are treated worse than the unfortunates on board the old-time convict ships. We also hear from several quarters that the men of the R. D. C.—all old soldiers who voluntarily joined up, and are now looking after the pampered German prisoners—find that they are on the uncomfortable side of the barbed wire.

*** Lightning:**—Ten men were marched in before a Medical "Board," consisting of a solitary captain of the R.A.M.C. One was asked what his complaint was, and while he was explaining, the "Board" was questioning a second man. Although the first poor beggar suffers from numerous diseases, including almost total blindness, he was passed A1—that is, for general service against the enemy. If he is sent to the Front and killed, we do not envy the conscience of the "Board."

"JACK."

Give Them Their Due:—We have given the Mons Star to soldiers who served at the outbreak of war. What about our sailors, who were first in the field—or on the seas? We agree with the hundreds of men who have written to us, that they ought to have an equivalent to the decoration. They held up the German Navy and paralysed her mercantile marine.

Germans Treated Better:—Eight survivors of a torpedoed steamer were for over thirty hours in their boats. They were picked up by a destroyer, and treated gently. When they were landed they were placed like criminals in two "Black Marias," taken to the police station, and put in separate cells! They went through an inquisition as to their nationality, circumstances, etc., and were finally released by a naval officer, who took them to the Sailors' Home. Are our torpedoed heroes to be treated as burglars? Contrast our over-kindness to the Hun prisoners in our hands, who actually insult our wounded men with impunity.

"THE SILVER BADGERS."

Banned for Ever:—A common feature in the misfortunes of our discharged epileptics, consumptives and maimed men is the fact that employers will not take them owing to their greater liability to accidents and the masters' position under the Workmen's Compensation Act. We are glad to know that this phase will occupy the attention of Parliament, and that legislation is likely to be introduced taking the responsibility off the shoulders of the masters and placing it on those of the State.

More Good News:—It is also likely that at an early date a Bill will be placed before the Commons dealing with the unpatriotic profiteers who offer discharged men boys' wages because they are in receipt of pensions—these pensions having all been well earned and having been given for the support of our ex-soldiers, and not to bloat the pocket books of this houndish class of employer.

Kick Out the "Conchies":—A meeting of the Chopwell and District Branch of the Federation has passed the following resolution:—"That this meeting calls upon the Ministry of Pensions and the Government to remove the Conscientious Objectors from the Chopwell Local War Pensions Committee, as it is our firm opinion that they are not the fit and proper persons to deal with the administration of pensions, etc., of true, loyal, and patriotic citizens." We heartily agree.

Not the Company's Usual Way:—A badger tells us that he applied at the Edgworth local sheds of the London and North Western Railway Company for work as a labourer. He alleges he was asked if he had his discharge, and when he presented it he was smiled at, and told that he was too young. He was at the Front when he was seventeen years old, and was not too young to protect such persons as the official who treated him so insultingly. Perhaps the Chairman of the L. and N.W. Railway will look into the case.

Thanks to the Federation:—We are glad to note that the King has extended his clemency to the unfortunate young fellow, discharged from the Army owing to a nervous breakdown, who was convicted of the murder of a girl near Woolwich. In any event, the man was reduced below the normal by hard war experience. The Federation worked hard to obtain his reprieve, and are to be congratulated on the result of their efforts.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every further subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Pitiable Circumstances:—The mother of two deceased soldier-sons has been experiencing the keenest hardship. She had a small sum for the loss of her first son, but the claim concerning her second boy has been ignored. She is a sufferer from chronic rheumatism, which handicaps her to a great extent. Our timely aid cheered her lonely heart.

An Impossibility:—A discharged soldier has been coping with the difficulty of supporting a wife and child on his pension of 16s. 3d. a week. He is as yet unable to follow employment, and the wife is also in a delicate state of health, which prevents her from adding to the small income. We do our best to relieve the temporary distress of such families.

Sickness—and Debt:—Many hardworking soldiers' wives who manage to carry on under normal conditions, have a set-back owing to sickness of some of their children. In this case, as in many, measles having attacked the children, the mother had to stay at home to tend them, and appealed for outside help to pay the doctor's bill and numerous smaller items.

Repeated Breakdowns:—The father of two of our serving men has been under sanatorium treatment. After discharge he obtained employment, which he had to abandon owing to a further attack of illness. He has been offered rest at a convalescent home, but could not pay his fare without our aid.

Bills—and Bills:—A soldier's wife has had great trouble with her children, all of whom have been under medical treatment—one of them is still in a state of consumptive decline. She herself is in need of doctor's advice, but cannot obtain it until she has paid off a long-standing bill, which we helped her immediately to do.

Further Cases:—
Soldier's widow asked us to pay doctor's bill for attendance upon her child.

A soldier's struggling wife, unjustly turned down by the Civil Liabilities Commissioners, was starving.

Young fellow, discharged after short service; no pension; required fare to start work at distant town.

Two doctor's bills to pay for attendance on discharged soldier, who has been ill for long period.

Health wrecked in the Service; in great distress on account of being out of employment and without pension. Wife and children to support.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

E. W. (Gillingham), 3s.; Mrs. L. M. (Golder Green), 4s. 6d.; "Whiskey," 2s. 6d.; "All of Us," 5s. 5d.; H. W. J. (Orkbrook), 5s.; "One Tenth," 21s.; "Eothway," 1s.; W. S. (Stirling), 1s.; "An Admirer" (Westfield), 5s.; B. W. (Knowle), 5s.; Blackstock Road Air Raid Patrol, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. M. B. (1s.); Lieut. W. B. (2s. 6d.); A. C. S. (Titchhurst), 2s. 6d.; J. B. R. (Glasgow), 2s.; "Welshwoman," 10s.; J. W. (Parkhurst), 41s.; "Grateful Mother" (Southsea), 5s.; F. W. M. (Grimsby), 2s. 6d.; "Himilaka," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. M. R. W. (2s. 6d.); Gaine Dept., V.E.C. Croxford (per F. B. T.), 21 11s.; "Inaba Maru," 10s.; "Soldier's Wife and Children," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. G. (Camden Road), 1s.; J. M. (Sittingbourne), 11d.; Weekly Collection, C.P.S., Woolwich Arsenal, 21s.; M. A. B. (West Bank), 2s. 6d.; G. B. (1s.); "Hef Bee," 2s. 8d.; K. W. (Wimbledon), 2s. 6d.; Soldier (Jerks (per G. E. F.), 21 5s.; K. F. O. (Bath), 4s.; Sapper J. M. (1s. 6d.); W. E. O. (6d.); "The Widow's Mite," 1s.; M. K. (Birmingham), 3s.; "Molly" (Bomby), 21s.; "Johnnie," 3s. 6d.; C. H. (Coventry), 1s.; F. C. (B.E.F.), 21 1s.; V. C. (Peckham), 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Nye," 1s.; W. H. W. (1s. 6d.); W. J. D. (1s.); H. B. (Peckham), 5s.; A. J. A. (S. Shields), 2s. 6d.; M. A. H. (Bury), 2s.; E. R. (Fingringhoe), 2s.; A. J. P. (Benton Coldfield), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. H. (St. Leonards), 1s. 6d.; D. A. H. (S. Kensington), 1s.; "Antic D.", 5s.; H. J. P. (Staplehurst), 31s.; A. G. (Leyton), 5s.; G. H. (Howey), 21s.; E. A. D. (Wimbledon), 1s.; "A Torpedoed Steward," 14s. 9d.; J. A. (Northumberland), 1s. 6d.; "Taxi Driver 523," 1s.; Mrs. F. S. B. (Pretoria), 5s.; M. R. (Edinburgh), 5s.; H. C. S. (Kilnareoch), 2s.; M. C. (1s.); "41451," 21s.; "A Gunner" (Chatter), 1s.; F. W. (Tidworth Bks.), 2s.; "Mary" (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; "A Tommy," 1s.; H. R. (Durham), 2s.; "Macmerry," 5s. 9d.; M. McI., 21s.; "A Veteran War Worker," 1s.; Mrs. N. W. (2s.).

Mr. W. J. Boycott, the winner of the First Prize in our 25th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us 2s.

SOLDIERS' COMFORTS FUND.

G. W. B. (2s. 6d.); E. C. (Liverpool), 1s.; Asen, 1s.; J. B. (W. Australia), 4s. 7d.; J. H. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 92, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, or LEGAL inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, or Legal Editor, and must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. No fee is charged in respect of other inquiries. Full names and addresses should be given.

C. O. S.—So you really think Lord Derby "squared" us by that weekly breakfast? Accept our assurance that it wasn't a particularly square meal.

"AN OLD SWEAT" (Sundridge).—"Now, you old wind bag, you are not fit to clean Cardinal Bourne's boots." Agreed. We are not adapted for that menial office. But you appear to be prepared to lick them.

MARY C. C. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Although some of our more dauntless young officers may pinch their waists, most of them have plenty of stomach for fighting, and you need not feel annoyed because your 6 ft. sons from Australia are required to salute them."

"FAIRPLAY" (Cardiff, Butc Docks).—"To J. Bull: You know too much of other people's business. Please mind yer own." Certainly. Our business is minding yours.

W. J. C. (Conway).—"Do learn sense. Leave Ireland alone." If she doesn't come into this Empire-war, she deserves to be at the bottom of the sea.

Miss L. S. (Jarrow), aged 16, complains that they won't have her in the W.A.A.C.s till she's 18, and sometimes thinks the war will be over before she can do her bit. While fully appreciating her patriotism, we hope so.

C. H. R. (Horne Bay).—"So you want us to approach the King with the view of our being appointed Dictator, *à la* Lloyd George? Do you mind doing it for us?"

R. W. (Conway).—"Nobody would engage one of the present Ministers as a grocer's assistant." Suppose he'd continue to give the public short weight?

A. T. T. (Sheerness).—"I prophesy you to be Prime Minister in the next Cabinet." Afraid you have spoilt our chance by blurring it out like that.

Y. W. (Bolton).—"Let's get our prisoners back by exchange. Even if the Hun receives a well-fattened crowd in greater proportion, never mind. We want our dear boys with us again."

D. (U. Holloway).—"I don't agree with everything you say, but ——" Don't worry. We don't agree with everything anybody says.

J. D. W. (Swansea Valley).—"I have a girl of 16 years who has won 32 prizes by reciting a piece, 'Battery L,' which appeared in your valuable paper about 24 years ago." Yes, all our war poems were prize bits.

"AUSTRALIAN WOMEN."—"We women in khaki want to wear a badge to let our boys know we are from Australia." By all means; we should be proud to salute that badge.

"ANONYMOUS" (Of course!).—"It's waste of paper to send us samples of missionary publications. As for 'converting the world,' start on Germany."

W. P. (Peckham).—"The lad was only 19; shot in France; came home to die; the fourth son lost! I saw the funeral party in Long Lane, Borough—a civilian funeral, no military honours at all." Now, had he been a Hun air-raid murderer—!

"ONE OF THE 29TH."—"So far as we know, Young A'Hearn is doing his bit in the American Army—and we pity the Hun that he comes up against!"

"TWO WORKING GIRLS" (Balham).—"Help for sufferers by air-raids should not be left to the Salvation Army, though its efforts in that direction deserve every praise. Borough Councils ought to have relief properly organised."

E. J. W. (Highgate).—"If we discovered that we were paying 8s. 4d. per 1,000 ft. for slot-meter gas, we should turn off the tap and try to see our way about by the light of our countenance."

W. T. K. (K-on-T).—"Excuse my long preamble." Certainly, on account of the short termination.

A. S. (Blackpool) believes that "many advertisements are but a mockery, the vacancies being filled before the advertisement appears in print." That is true in regard to some public bodies.

PRE. TOM B. (Wombwell).—"I am a wounded Tommy. Home in Canada. Have spent many happy hours reading your paper. Am going back; could not leave without thanking you for what I have read in JOHN BULL." And you "think yourself lucky." The luck is ours in making friends with men like you.

"POSTGRIMS" (Hitchin).—"We have already explained that the Food Control don't think you need as many calories as men doing the same work. The Government's calory merchants are a queer lot."

T. G. (Barnsley).—"If the Inventions Board have turned down your device for an 'unsinkable ship,' sorry we can't float it, even as a Limited Liability Company."

"RESIDENT OF COVE" (Farnborough).—"The front of her public is closed, but the back door is open." Go round to the back, O, cove of Cove!

"A MURKON GIRL" (S. Wales).—"000 of us working under glass, with not one window to open for fresh air." Chuck a few stones when nobody is looking.

"ARGUE."—"Kindly answer when the Great Coal Strike finished." Is it over?

W. C. (Newcastle).—"From 1.45 to 8 p.m. is far too long for any girl to work without rest, or food, or tea. Drill that fact into the Drill Hall people."

PRE. J. C. (Warrington).—"Thanks for your verses, which we are passing on to the Poet Laureate just to show him what can be done."

"DISGUSTED" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"Your employer was certainly none too generous if all you received was a Family Bible after 38 years' service at 27s. a week. He might at least have thrown in a bag of nuts."

T. J. (Broadway R.S.O.).—"We note that you are prepared to supply puns for payment. Do you sell them by the bushel or the hundred-weight?"

"A LONDON TEACHER" (Carshalton).—"Very rude and rough of the police-inspector to 'push a woman down the steps,' but probably he would try to make out that she slipped on a bit of banana skin."

A. G. H. (Birmingham).—"The opinion of my (working men's) club is that for his 4s.-an-inch attack on Mr. Lloyd George Sir Hedley le Bas should be shot as a traitor." The gentleman's compliments, but he would rather not.

F. W. M. (Newhaven).—"The Y.M.C.A. Canteen handed over £20, extra profit on 'baccy following last Budget, to Newhaven Dockers' Benevolent Fund." A good and graceful act—almost unique. Congrats. to Fund and Canteen.

"A FRIEND OF A POSTAL CLERK" (Bristol).—"How can a girl keep nicely dressed, help support a home, and save for a rainy day on 15s. to 20s. per week, working as a sub-post-office clerk?" Dashed if we know, and the P.-M. G. doesn't care.

"PETRUS" (Stockton-on-Tees).—"In reply to your article on 'The Shame of Ireland,' which I have read with intense amusement—" You are probably one of those people who would find fun even in a funeral—if it wasn't your own."

S. (Tantobie).—"I and my sister are in urgent need of £100. . . . I do hope you will help us to get it." If we meet anybody with £100 to spare, we'll mention your requirement.

V. E. G. (Brighton).—"We agree with you that there is a lot of senseless abuse and contempt of Jews. A good Jew is to be preferred to a bad Christian."

T. F. (W. Croydon).—"I should like to ask you a question: 'Are we afraid of the Germun vermin?'" No, nor of blackbeetles either.

J. S. E. (Penarth).—"When Pto. Parker, 9th N. Staffs, died, unknown and a stranger at Kilmarnock, Volunteers, nurses, soldiers, pipers, everybody, dig honour to him, who had died that we might live." In honouring the dead private, Kilmarnock honoured itself.

C. McC. (Perth).—"Man of 24, from hotel, ordered to find nationally-important work, gets pushed into Labour Exchange as clerk. Please give your opinion." Opinion is, ex-soldier should do that clerical work.

G. R. B. D. (London).—"Whence comes this horde of savages, cursed by their own vile acts, Of rapine, murder, sacrilege, These are the well-known facts." They are.

J. S. (Islington).—"What you write about the Waacs proves you a filthy-minded liar."

PRE. J. I. (Smithston).—"Dumfries is chock full of JOHN BULL enthusiasts." We have always regarded Dumfries as a highly intelligent borough.

M. E. S. (Filey).—"I think you will understand my meaning." That's what we call "fatuous optimism."

"S. F. CURIOUS."—"You were 'sheltering in a doorway' and, while there, a woman told you a cock-and-bull story, and you ask, is it true? Never trust any yarn pitched by a lady in such a situation. And mind your pockets."

M. H. N. (Banbury).—"You are a trifle long in the wind, aren't you? Do you write in your sleep?"

R. M. (Maidenhead).—"Sorry to hear of your daughter being dismissed 'for speaking the truth after so many years' service.' Perhaps it was the nasty way she spoke it."

DONOR OF WILLIAM III HALF-CROWN.—"Your coin is worth only its face value, as the silver is not in 'specimen' condition. Nevertheless, we gratefully accept it for our 'Greatest of These' Fund."

J. M. J. (Chiswick).—"So you would call the Huns 'Germs,' and leave it at that. Why insult respectable microbes?"

S. F. W. (Grantahouse).—"Quite right; let the 'Conchies' starve before we deprive our faithful friend, the dog, of his adequate rations."

A. M. L. (Glasgow).—"No wonder Shakespeare is called 'The man for all time,' since, in 'King Lear,' he wrote: 'Get thee glass eyes, And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.' William must have had the 'Old Gang' in mind."

"HON. SEC."—"Sorry to hear that the St. Elizabeth's Maternity Home, 1, Beasborough Street, Pimlico, may be compelled to close its doors through lack of funds. Its good work is known to us, and we sincerely hope that readers with spare cash will come to the rescue."

"FOREMAN" (East Greenwich).—"You want us to tell Chairman, S. Met. Gas Co., that the women in Retort House do not get the clogs they are entitled to. Well, now he knows. Wait for his Retort."

"ADMIRAL" (Shropshire) is very pleased to know that we are against conscription for women. We're pleased she's pleased.

W. R. M. (Haltwhistle).—"It's all very well to swear at your M.P., but since you voted for him last time you ought jolly well to 'cuss' yourself."

W. R. A. (Royal Air Force).—"If you will oblige us with a couple of tons of paper, we will endeavour to answer your questions fully. Otherwise, afraid imposa."

"WORTH TRYING" (Belfast).—"There is one cure for the present Irish trouble—10 years' martial law." You are martial, you are.

T. B. (Cholmondeley).—"No prospect of inducing the Chancellor of the Exchequer to let home soldiers and sailors have their tobacco duty-free. All Chancellors of the Exchequer think it is more blessed to receive than to give."

"PRIVATE ADA" (Women's Land Army).—"Last week the sugar and tea was spilt all over the meat, and it smelt disgusting." How did it go for taste?

Cpt. G. H. J. (Devon Yeo, Egypt).—"Your paper is famous with the boys out here, but we are profiteered 5d. for it now. Who is the rogue that's robbing us?" Difficult to say, but he's certainly hot stuff."

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

CLAMOURING FOR "JOHN BULL" PENS.

Somewhere in France,
24th May, 1918.

For the past 18 months I have been using a "JOHN BULL" PEN continuously in France, and it is still going strong. MY COMRADES ARE PERSISTENTLY CLAMOURING round me for the use of my "JOHN BULL" PEN, of which they speak very highly.

(Signed) Sig. A. ROWLINSON.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon. Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 3s. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 6 from "John Bull" from this date may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus, you may send 7 coupons, and P.O. for 2s. only, and 2d. stamps for postage.

DE LUXE MODEL, 1s. Extra.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

P.O. should be made payable to JOHN BULL, Ltd.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.



Are you a Skin Sufferer?

If so, why don't you prove the value of Antexema? Get a bottle from your chemist at once. It will stop all pain and irritation, and start your cure. Continue with Antexema, and soon your eczema, bad leg, bad hands, face spots, rash, scalp trouble, or any other sore, broken or pimply skin condition, will be cured once and for all. During the last thirty-two years we have received thousands of letters of grateful thanks from those cured by Antexema. If you don't end your trouble at once, it will become worse. Start your cure to-day.

Get Antexema To-day.

All chemists and stores, also Boots', Lewis & Harcourt', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Parker's supply Antexema at 1/6 and 2/- per bottle, or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, 3/- and 5/- from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, W.1. Also in India, Australasia, Canada, Africa and Europe.

SOME PERILS OF VENEREAL DISEASE.

This announcement is issued by the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, a responsible body recognised by the Government. President, Rt. Hon. Lord Sydenham. Vice-Presidents, The Bishop of Southwark, Sir Thomas Barlow, Bart., K.C.V.O., M.D. Chairman of Propaganda, Sir Malcolm Morris, K.C.V.O., F.R.C.S.E. General Secretary, Mrs. A. C. Gatto, O.B.E.

No. 4.—HOW GREAT IS THE RISK OF INFECTION?

A man or woman who leads an unchaste life is practically certain to contract Venereal Disease sooner or later, probably sooner. In an enormous number of cases the man or woman is infected the very first time a risk is taken.

There are over 80,000 fresh cases of Venereal Disease every year in the British Isles. Add to these all the old uncured infections and you have an enormous total of people from whom the diseases can be caught.

"Amateurs" are perhaps even more dangerous than "professionals." Any one who is tempted should ask himself or herself the following questions:—"Am I prepared to ruin my health, perhaps for life?" "Am I prepared to break up my home, perhaps to infect my partner in marriage and bring blind or dying children into the world?" The risks are overwhelming; the penalties appalling.

FREE TREATMENT.

Free treatment, under conditions of secrecy, is provided by the Government in most centres. All who are infected, or who have taken a risk of infection, should immediately go to a doctor or apply at the out-patients' department of the nearest hospital, or to the local Medical Officer of Health.

Further notes will appear next week in this paper.

Those who are in any doubt or difficulty should write to the Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 81, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, for free literature or information.

Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

24 Soups

NOW IS THE TIME

WHEN EVERY "FOOD UNIT" COUNTS.

ORDINARY food is often deficient in organic salts. Their presence in proper proportions means that your food will yield its largest food value. Mr. EUSTACE MILES, M.A., a leading authority on Food Values, has produced

"EMYITA"

a scientific food which supplies them and insures the normal working of the digestive system. It requires no cooking, is easy to take.

Send for a 21 days' Treatment To-day (2/6—post free 2/9) from EUSTACE MILES PROTEID FOODS LTD., 42B, Chandos St., W.C.2.



It was not quite perfect!

No, "Everywoman's" was not quite perfect until the splendid story by RUBY M. AYRES was included:

"Love—the Liar"

Here is a very brief synopsis of the first instalment which appeared in last week's "EVERYWOMAN'S"

SUZANNE, the heroine, when the story opens, is attending the inquest held on her much-loved sister Marion, at which a verdict of suicide is returned. Suzanne indignantly protests against this verdict. She is consoled by

GRANT CHALMERS, who is in love with her. Suzanne goes to Brighton, where she meets

IVAN WARRENDER at the hotel where she is staying to recover from the illness caused by the shock of her sister's death. He makes her acquaintance through finding her ring, which has slipped off into a rock pool. When he tells Suzanne his name she suddenly faints.

You can continue reading this, the best story Miss Ayres has ever written, by ORDERING THIS WEEK'S

EVERYWOMAN'S

On Sale 1d. To-Day.

Place a regular order with your News-agent. He cannot supply you otherwise, owing to the new Government order.

CATARRH, DEAFNESS, EAR NOISES.

Send for Free Copy of Sir Hiram Maxim's New Book and learn of a quick and easy Home Cure.

It is not only in the art of war that Sir Hiram Maxim's inventions are famous. The veteran inventor, who has done so much to help our brave soldiers in the fighting line, is now seen in a new mission—a Mission of Peace that will gladden the hearts of thousands of sufferers from catarrh, deafness, ear noises, asthma, hay fever and bronchitis. In brief, Sir Hiram Maxim has discovered a quick and simple home cure for all catarrhal troubles, and in order that all sufferers should have a free opportunity of learning how to cure their own ailments without interfering with their daily occupation he has published a most interesting little book which his Sole Licensees give away free to all who apply for it.

The curative effect of this discovery is so remarkable that thousands have already been cured, most of these being chronic cases where everything else failed.

YOUR FREE BOOK

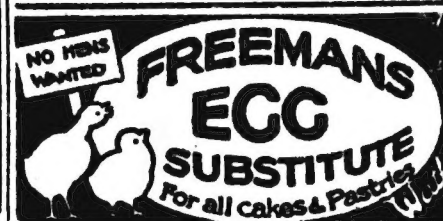
will be sent on receipt of name and address. Never mind how many previous treatments have failed, read the free book and follow Sir Hiram's advice. You will be surprised and delighted at the result. A copy will be posted, free of charge, to every reader who writes for it to-day. The address is: Sir Hiram Maxim's Sole Licensees (Dept. J.B.), 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



FITZPATRICK

For Greatest Value in Cycle Goods. Fine New Volume, "EVERYTHING for the CYCLIST" FREE.

SAVES YOU MONEY. Every possible want. No disappointments. Satisfaction Guaranteed. CYCLES (7 days' free trial). TYRES, TUBES, all Accessories. Send postcard. H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52 —BURNLEY.—



Marvels of the Universe

The great Lord Avebury, in his beautiful Introduction to "Marvels of the Universe," says:—"I often give to think how much happiness our fellow-men lose from their ignorance of science. If any one is ever dull it is his own fault. Every wood, every field, every garden, every stream, every pool, is full of interest to those who have eyes to see."

Not only the world that we inhabit, but the Universe of which it forms but a small part, is full of marvels. This magnificent work gives Nature's Marvels in the Heavens, the Earth, Plant Life, Animal Life, and the Mighty Deep—in other words, the creation of Nature's realm. Its field is even wider than our planet, for it includes the Sun, Moon, and Stars. On the other hand, with the aid of the microscope it reveals the most minute marvels of animal and plant life. Between these two extremes—the infinitely great and the inconceivably small—comes a vast assemblage of marvels that may be seen by the unassisted eye, but which are in general passed by unrecognised, if not actually unseen, for want of an efficient and friendly guide to point them out. "Marvels of the Universe" will bring great pleasure into your house.

It has cost over £10,000 to produce, and contains: Over 1,650 illustrations, over 1,180 pages, about 1,000 Marvels, 64 Fine Coloured Plates, about 350,000 words, and is written by over 40 Eminent Naturalists.

A Standard and International Work, and has been translated into all the leading languages. Over 100,000 have been sold.

It is one of the cheapest books in the world, and is printed throughout on the finest English Art Paper and is uniform with the "Wonders of the World," "Belgium the Glorious," "Living Races of Mankind," "Living Animals of the World," "Deeds that Thrill the Empire," and "Sir Douglas Haig's Great Push."

We will send you FREE on receipt of 4d. to cover postage the first 40 pages and 4 beautiful Coloured Plates as an advertisement. WRITE TO-DAY.

SPECIAL OFFER TO "JOHN BULL" READERS. Select 4 prime stamps to cover postage. 1/- and send in to Spectator Press, 15, Colindale Avenue, N.W. The Marvels of the Universe. Name: Address: To: Standard Art Book Co. Ltd. (Dept. 47), 3, 15, Colindale Avenue, N.W.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA

FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

Chief Office: 52, ANDREW STREET, LONDON, E.C.4
CLAIMS PAID £12,700,000
INVESTED IN WAR LOAN £1,750,000
AMOUNT PAID IN WAR CLAIMS £550,000

Life and Endowment Assurances at Popular Rates. LIVERPOOL VICTORIA APPROVED SOCIETY. Our numerous Branch Offices and Agents throughout the Kingdom transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary

"TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET

"Oh! My poor swollen, puffed-up feet."



"Great Scott! Where's the TIZ?"

TIZ makes sore, burning, tired, "chilblain" feet feel just fine and comfy. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, hard skin, blisters, bunions, and chilblains.

TIZ draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you drill, how far you march, or how long you remain on your feet, TIZ brings restful foot comfort. TIZ is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; boots never hurt or seem tight.

After a spell in the Trenches TIZ is invaluable. "TIZ is simply wonderful," declares Mr. W. Passells, Old London-road, Hastings. "It has cured me of all my corns. I have used it both in England and in France, and it is really good stuff."

Get a 1/3 box of TIZ now from any chemist's or stores. End foot torture for ever—wear your new boots, keep your feet fresh, sweet and happy. Just think! a whole year's foot comfort for only 1/-.

FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

To Defeat an Enemy that Sticketh Closer than a Brother.

Our soldiers are plagued by an enemy that sticketh closer than a brother. Bodily cleanliness is difficult where men are crowded together far from homes filled with h. & c. baths, and with regular laundrying conveniences.

There is one friendly ally that helps "Tommy" to have nights of rest and a mind free from the worry of undesirable live-stock.

That friendly ally is PARASITOX—in the handy form of a non-greasy stick. Rubbed over the underwear, in the seams of clothing, and in the sleeping quarters, it means rest and freedom from crawling biting fleas, lice, bugs, and other "undesirable neighbours." In Italy, Palestine, Mesopotamia, East Africa, India, and other "hot stations," PARASITOX will also free the user from the painful and rest-disturbing and dangerous malaria and disease-infected mosquitoes and other deadly flies.

ON SALE AT ALL CANTEENS, 1/-.

PARASITOX
THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND.
Obtainable at all Principal Chemists and Stores; or from Hoppell's Pharmacy, 161, Piccadilly, and Branches.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Installments. Established 35 years. CHARLES BULEY, 26, 28, Moor Street, Birmingham. Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

2ND PRIZE £25	Bullets 1ST PRIZE	£200	Bullets 1ST PRIZE	3RD PRIZE £10
10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
3,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES				

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 13th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(288) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 288, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2

Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 13th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(288) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

IF UNABLE TO SECURE EXTRA COUPONS YOU CAN WRITE YOUR "BULLETS" ON PLAIN PAPER.

No. _____ Closing Date, Thursday, June 13th

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(288) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If a coupon is used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition No. 289. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 20th. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 289 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 289, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the 33 Examples for Competition 288.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 289.

OUR GALLANT ARMEN BY THE SEA RIGHT TO LIVE FEELING LONELY MAKING THINGS NOT	KNOWING SMILE MOST EXPENSIVE IF I WERE SINGLE DROP OF WHISKY ARMY BOOTS	DOGS OF WAR ROTHER AND FATHER FATHER'S POCKET TOO FUNNY FOR WORDS TIME WILL TELL	RADICALLY WRONG DANGEROUS GAME OVER THE TEACUPS WANTS UNDERSTANDING MAKING A SPLASH
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BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "and Co."

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely FREE OF CHARGE, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, or BLOCKADE.

Anyone can be insured irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child, who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named

For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb

For the loss of one limb or one eye

Per week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks

Should his or her home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but necessitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to

£200

£200

£100

£3

£350

£25

£10

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 288.

SAVING THE SITUATION
WANTING MORE
NOT THIS YEAR
ON THE BUNK
THE CROWN PRINCE
SEAT OF TROUBLE
RIGHT DENIED
FEELING THE PINCH
QUEEN MARY
WHEN FATHER JOINS UP
REVUE DRESSES

RAPID CHANGE
A BIG SCANDAL
TOLD OFF
BEST FORGOTTEN
THANKS TO BOTTOMLEY
PERFORMING WONDERS
NICE AND WARM
TERRIBLE TUNING
A LONG SPELL
DIRTY BUSINESS
READY FOR EVERYTHING

AT THE WAR OFFICE
BOOKING EXAMPLE
A GREAT TREAT
ACROSS THE RIVER
NOT IN OUR LINE
SUSPECTED OF PAPER
AFTER A STINK
THE OLD GAME
FADING UP
A CAR LAD
SURPRISE THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the examples chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—FEELING THE PINCH. Bullet:—OUTRAGED WEARING ARMY BOOTS. Example:—READY FOR EVERYTHING. Bullet:—GENERAL FOCH IS.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for 6d. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated June 29th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN's dated June 8th.

RESULT OF 286th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £200.

Mr. R. F. BROOKS, 31, St. Helen's Avenue, Swansea.

Example:—PACIFICUS FEW.

Bullet:—OWN "MISTAKES."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. ASHIE,
2, John St., Bedford Row, London, W.C.

Example:—ARMY OF OFFICIALS.

Bullet:—CONFOUND US—CONFOUND THEM.

(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. E. T. COOK,
2, Bridge Lane, Bridgford, Nottingham.

Example:—CAN'T BE FORGOTTEN.

Bullet:—ONLY "REVEREND"—"BAITAIN'S" "PLEDGE."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. R. NICHOLS, Suffolk Road, Cheltenham:
BEHIND THE SCENES—FOOLS UNDO HAN'S STRATEGY.

Mr. A. NEWSON, 14, Recreation Street, Long Eaton:
PRECIOUS FEW—DRESSING FROM RUSSIA LATELY.

Mr. F. BYRNE, Grosvenor Hotel, London, S.W.:
GOING AGAINST WIND—SERGEANTS KEEF RECRUITS' LEGS.

Miss M. WASSILL, High Street, Amblecote, Stourbridge:
CLINGING TO POST—MILITARY REPRESENTATIVE THINKS BURNED BODY.

Mr. L. T. THORNTON, 44, Sharnford Street, Kennington, London, S.E.1:
WHAT FLATTER FATHER—SHE'S THE "CHAMPION SWIVELL."

Mr. W. CHAPPELL, 17, North Road, Ogmore Vale, Glam.:
DEAR FRIENDS—"SQUEAK" According TO "SPEAKERS."

Mr. F. HILTON, 410, Edensfield Road, Rochdale:
NO FOOL—ALIEN "NOT UNDERSTANDING ENGLISH."

Mr. E. FAIRIE, 7, Priory Villas, Hayes, Middlesex:
TAKING SHIP—VISITORS IMAGINE SOLDIERS HOSPITAL.

Mr. G. ROLLS, 3, Ruby Street, Chessels, Bedfordshire:
THE AMERICAN ARMY—SENDING "MUSIC" AFTER "NOTES."

Mr. L. THYS, 59, Crystal Palace Road, East Dulwich:
BEHIND THE SCENES—GERMAN CITIZENS THOUGHT THEMSELVES.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 288 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "John Bull."

ORDER FORM

TO BE RETAINED BY NAME

To: _____ Newsagent.

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed _____

Address _____

June 8th, 1918

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 65, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your newsagent will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with _____ Newsagent, of _____

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

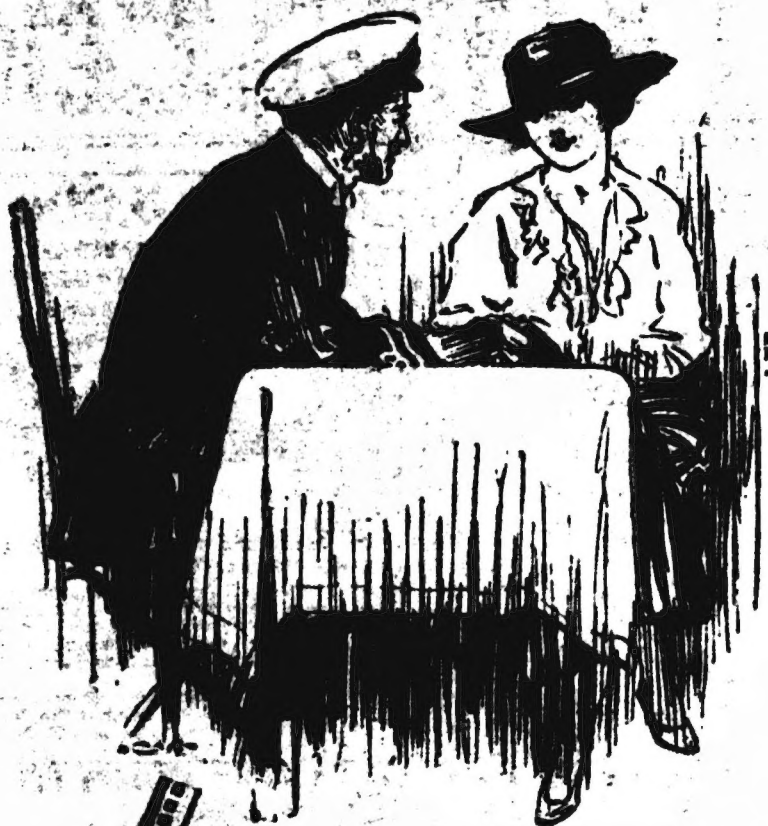
Name of Nominant _____

Address _____

Signature of Insured (Mr., Mrs., or Miss) _____

Address of home _____

June 8th, 1918.



Free Fire, Aircraft and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms is insured against damage by Fire, Aircraft Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.

She didn't need much pressing

She jumped at the idea! Told me that she'd known the "Midland" since she was a kiddie: and it was *the* place for furniture. Absolutely it! Said we could have the loveliest home you ever saw if I'd only come straight away and help her to choose. And by Jove, she was right!

Money buys more at the "Midland"

They give you over £100,000 worth of really top-hole furniture to select from. We got exactly what we wanted—and it didn't cost us much, either. For the "Midland" prices mean a solid saving on everything you buy. And the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to furnish out of income—with Free Fire and Aircraft Insurance thrown in—and without a penny to pay for credit, or for interest, or for any extras whatsoever.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).	Worth.	Per Mth.
\$10 ...	\$0 5 6	
\$20 ...	0 11 0	
\$30 ...	0 16 6	
\$40 ...	1 2 0	
\$50 ...	1 7 6	
\$100 ...	2 15 0	
\$200 ...	5 10 0	
\$500 ...	13 15 0	

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount
for Cash and
War Loan Scrip.



Specimen of handsome Dining-room Suite on Jacobean lines.

Rail Fares Paid
Customers' Fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6.

Saturdays—9 till 1.

Governing Director, GEORGE MICHAEL (who has been associated with the business for 40 years).

WHAT IS THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR?

ADOPT THE POPULAR BENEFICIAL "HARLENE HAIR DRILL."
1,000,000 HAIR-GROWING AND HAIR-BEAUTIFYING OUTFITS FREE TO ALL.

If you are worried about the condition of your hair, if it is weak, impoverished, falling out, or affected with scurf, dandruff, or over-greasiness, do as millions of others (both men and women) have done and try "Harlene" Hair-Drill—the delightful toilet exercise and unfailing remedy for all hair-health defects.

YOU MAY TEST IT FREE TO-DAY.

A short course of Hair-Drill will quickly convince you of the wonderful benefits to be derived from its daily practice, and the opportunity is freely offered to you in the unique Four-Fold Gift Outfit described below. All you have to do is to detach the Free Coupon and post as directed thereon, with 4d. stamps to cover cost of packing and return postage of the parcel to your door—no matter where you live.

HERE IS THE 4-FOLD GIFT.

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.
2. A packet of the marvellous Hair and Scalp Cleansing "Cremex," Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."
4. A copy of the new edition of the "Hair-Drill" Manual, giving complete instructions.

And this is the method of "Harlene Hair-Drill." First cleanse the scalp with a refreshing Cremex Shampoo (a full size packet is enclosed in the Free Outfit). This removes most effectively all dust, dirt, grease, and other excessive accumulations from the hair and scalp, leaving it fresh, cool, and thoroughly cleansed.

Then apply "Harlene," the wonderful hair tonic and food. Sprinkle it into the hair, and gently rub the scalp with your finger-tips according to the scientific

yet simple instructions contained in the Hair-Drill Manual. This nourishes the hair roots, and thus improves its growth and healthy condition.

fail to write for now, and which will last you seven days, will prove this to you and also bring about a wonderful improvement in the general well-being and appearance of your hair.

"HARLENE" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Write in the first week for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits, and prove its efficacy for yourself free of personal expense. Send only four penny stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to new vitality and strength—you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and shade, as well as the delicate tints of the hair, which have been dulled down, will reawaken, and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

When you have once experienced the exceptional advantages you will obtain from the practice of "Hair-Drill" you will want to continue. You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist. "Harlene" at 1s. 6d. per bottle. "Cremex" Shampoo Powder at 1s. 6d. per bottle. "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 6d. per bottle. Solidified Harlene for cream, lotion, or hair oil, in tins at 1s. 6d. with full directions. (Single packets 6d. each.) "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you on receipt of 6d. extra for postage direct from Edwards Parfums Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 2. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.s should be crossed. Write to-day.



Reflect on the condition of your hair. See what "Harlene Hair-Drill" will unalloyingly do to improve its growth and keep it in a perfectly healthy condition. Wash your hair as directed by scurf, dandruff, over-greasiness, and begin to fall out and become brittle, thin and weak. It needs the beneficial treatment of "Harlene Hair-Drill" to give new health and strength to the impoverished hair roots.

Finally, add a few drops of the delightfully fragrant Uzon Brilliantine to give the hair a healthy, glossy lustre.

TWO MINUTES A DAY.

This is all the time you need devote to "Harlene Hair-Drill." The Free Outfit, which you should not

HARLENE GIFT OUTFIT COUPON.

Detach and post to EDWARDS PARFUMS LTD., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 2.

Enclose four penny stamps and your Free "Harlene" Hair-Drill Outfit as enclosed. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. Single envelopes only.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every representative of the John Bull group and the any goods made through the trade advertisement of original producers. All communications from whose trade advertisement appears in date of payment either in full or of first instalment in our columns, we will refund the price should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertising, JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible statement, and if any reader can show just cause money, provided the goods complained of must be returned to our London, W.C. 2. for their being of the quality and standard cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of goods sent to us within one week from the date.

Indigestion For 20 Years.

Remarkable Cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Redfern, 10, Hindle Street, Accrington, says: "For quite twenty years I was a martyr to indigestion, and had become so weak and thin that I hadn't strength for anything. It didn't matter what I ate, I was sure to suffer, and the pain was frightful. I was an awful colour, always bilious, and my nerves were terribly shaky."

The opinion was that I had gall stones. At last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. The pain ceased and rapidly I grew stronger. It was like living in a new world; and I have never had a day's illness since."



Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised modern home remedy for Nervous Breakdown, General Debility, Indigestion, Pale Complexion, Stomach Disorders, Premature Decay, Spinal Weakness, Anaemia, Headaches, Loss of Sleep, Infertile Periods, Menstrual Troubles, Wasting Diseases, Gout, etc.

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers, and during the critical periods of Life. Sold by Chemists and Druggists in all parts of the world. Prices: 1s. 2d. and 2s. 6d. per box, the latter being the more economical.

IF YOU REQUIRE FURTHER INFORMATION ABOUT DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS, write to us, describing your own case, and we will advise as to suit. Address: Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Rd., Manchester.

Are YOU Employing A Disabled Man?



Stop your wife parting with your half worn clothes. There's a lot of wear in them if you SEND THEM TO THE

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to be made like new in appearance. We clean, repair, re-snap, and tailor-press a suit, overcoat, or ordinary uniform for the low charge of 6/6, including return delivery.

Booklet on "Care of Clothes" free. BRITISH TAILORS & REPAIRERS, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C. 2. Telephone: North 222-223.

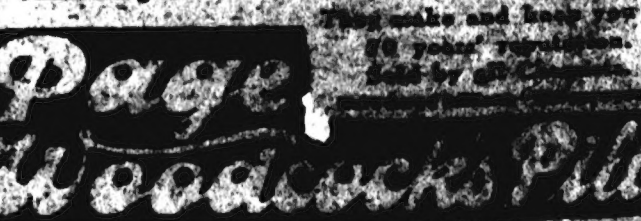
FREE collection and delivery anywhere within 10 miles of Lamb's Conduit Street, London (and other and more distant, see pages 20-21, 22-23, 24-25, 26-27, 28-29).

"Camouflage"

"This War" is a remarkable thing. Until Christmas, "is teaching the British nation more French in a year than they learn before in a lifetime. Why, I didn't know what 'Capote' meant until recently—that it was a significant word meaning to 'hide,' 'disguise,' or 'cover'."

"Camouflage" has been wonderfully useful, for it enables both men and war materials to be indistinguishable to enemy observers, and thus save lives and further operations.

"But never let the chemist 'camouflage' the pill-box—it must be Page Woodcock's or none at all—for substitutes are disappointing whenever you want to get rid of those dreadful digestive, liver or kidney ailments, which themselves refuse to be camouflaged. Look for the name, and refuse 'camouflages'."



They make and keep you fit! 10 years' reputation. Sold by all Chemists.